VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

TO ENCOURAGE GOOD CITIZENSHIP

COMPILED BY
DAN BROADHURST
AND
SARA L. RHODES

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THE ATHENIAN BOY'S OATH

I pledge to my city, to Athens most dear,
Her laws to obey and ideals revere.

I'll be generous, just, not triumph by might,
And hold in high honor the sacred, the right.

And reverence for duty aid to instil
That deeds of high purpose her records may fill.

To Athens I pledge my honor, my all,
And support her ideals, with my life, at her call.

On her Past so splendid our Present must gain;
Only thus can her Future full glory attain.

O better and greater through me may she be!
More beauty, more glory, dear Athens, to Thee!

MARY MORRIS.

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Subscribed to by

WITHDRAWN

THE ARMY AND NAVY

This tribute to our Army and Navy is a double painting which was made for the Third Liberty Loan (Sub-Treasury Building, New York City), by N. C. Wyeth (left half) and Lieut. Henry Reuterdahl (right half). Above the American Eagle sings "the eagle's song: to be stanch and valiant, and free, and strong."

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VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

TO ENCOURAGE GOOD CITIZENSHIP

COMPILED BY

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PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON
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PREFACE

Having recently awakened to the consciousness that there are those among us who are not of us, Americans will undoubtedly demand the teaching of patriotism in the schools. In the effort to accomplish this laudable but vaguely defined task, schools must avoid two errors: The first is the adoption of "patriotism" as a formal branch of the curriculum, thus making it one of the "required subjects" against which the hands of students are turned traditionally. Taught in this way, it will leave the student cold. The second mistake is to made too direct or too obvious an appeal to the emotions. Normal youth resents a deliberate attack on his emotional nature. Both these methods, therefore, defeat their own ends.

The best way to arouse patriotism is by stirring the imagination. Patriotism, noblest and least selfish of the ideals of conduct, is born only when the spirit is freed from its trammels, to roam for a season the wider spaces, its true home.

> "Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
> Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
> Our hearts in glad surprise
> To higher levels rise."

Therefore, a large part of this present volume consists of verse describing the thrilling deeds of individual heroes, and the great achievements of men of all times on land and sea. No better means of releasing the

imagination can be devised than the stirring narratives and the moving songs written in commemoration of heroic deeds. The man who feels such embodied ideals as worthy of his imitation has gone a long way on the road to patriotism.

The flame of patriotism which swept our country at the outbreak of the War, welding together all the sections of our broad land and all our diversified peoples, is a forerunner of the international spirit of the future, the real brotherhood of man. We have, therefore, included poems which have stirred the peoples of other lands, all of whom are now represented in our country.

The editors hope that this volume will also prove an acceptable aid in teaching English in secondary schools, arousing and fostering a love for good poetry. In pursuance of this aim, the usual method of beginning with the classical types has been discarded; and the opening section includes selections dealing with phases of the present war, as presenting subject matter not only familiar but also interesting to the boy and girl of to-day. This affords many "points of contact" for the appreciation of poetry as a form of expression. The sections naturally most interesting follow next; for example, the deeds of individual heroes, and great battles on land and sea. They have been selected with a view to their moving quality, both of matter and of rhythm.

The last section emphasizes two ideals which make for true citizenship in a democracy: high individual endeavor and recognition of the rights of others. These are necessary in a society recognizing the real brotherhood of man. The good citizen must battle not for his own soul only, but for his brother's also.

It is not expected that formal instruction will be

given on each of the included poems. Detailed analysis would defeat both of the purposes for which this book is intended. But few of the poems in any section should be assigned for definite study. Many are simple enough to be readily understood by pupils in the first year of high school. Others will appeal only to older students. The notes, which have purposely been made brief, should "place" any poem sufficiently to convey its full message or to provide the student with the necessary starting-point for further investigation. Most of the narratives and lyrics the student should be allowed to *enjoy undisturbed* by any designed effort to enlarge his vocabulary, or to add to his collection of facts, historical or otherwise.

JEAN BROADHURST,
CLARA LAWTON RHODES.

APRIL 5, 1919.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Acknowledgment of valuable criticism is hereby made to Miss Maud Oldham, of the Bayonne High School, and to Miss Frances Caldwell Higgins, of the Bay Ridge High School, Brooklyn. The volunteer services of Miss Alice Forman Wyckoff have relieved the editors of many laborious details. To Miss Stella Center, of the Julia Richman High School, New York City, the editors wish to express special gratitude for unselfish interest and helpful advice.

Acknowledgment (in the form preferred by the respective copyright holders) has been made at the end of each poem, except where it is obviously unnecessary. The illustrations are also credited on the pages on which they occur.

The editors wish to express their sincere thanks to the many artists, authors, and publishers who have so generously contributed to this collection. Without such coöperation, the cost of a volume of this character would have been prohibitive.

Clara Lawton Rhodes,
Jean Broadhurst.

New York City,
April, 1919.

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(The following brief explanation of the arrangement or sequence of the poems in the several chapters may be of interest to teachers.)

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I. The "Last" War 1

The poems placed first are those in which a singing rhythm or the varied elements represented (*e.g.*, "the newly-minted corporal," the horses, the aviator, the Red Cross, or the service flag) will be sure to attract and hold the interest. Some of the following poems are placed in pairs to emphasize their meaning (*e.g.*, "Wireless" and "I Wonder What Cervera Thought"); such lyrics as "In Flanders Fields" and "Retreat" are grouped together; and, since the crusades occupy such a prominent part in high school literature, this section ends with a reference to the only successful crusade, "Last Christmas in the Holy Land."

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"the woman's side of it." The true American girl realizes that mere passive grieving is but a coward's part. She must live for the future good of others, as shown by the selection from Tennyson's "The Princess"; and she must wear her sorrow as a crown, as described in the last poem, "Mourning."

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THE "LAST" WAR

THE KNIGHTS

Not dust! Not dust the chivalry,
The knightly heart of high romance
Enshrined in ancient poetry.
Behold, the battlefields of France!

* * * * * *

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

By permission, HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

TOMMY TOUJOURS GAI

When Tommy comes marching,
Marching across the street,
There's a little drum inside us
That goes "beat," "beat," "beat;"
There's a little drum inside us
Sings the things we cannot say,
As dumb we stand to see him pass,
Tommy toujours gai.

Oh, Tommy's cap is tilted
And a gleam is in his eye;
His step it is a jaunty one
As he goes marching by.
There are bright eyes at the window
Just to pass the time of day,
When Tommy marches through the town,
Tommy toujours gai.

When Tommy's o'er the silver streak,
A happy lad is he;
With the boys astride his shoulder
And the babies at his knee.
"Ma foi! Mais comme il est gentil!
Dormez, petit ange, dormez;
Your Tommy he will come again,
Tommy toujours gai."

Sometimes, of course, he's fighting.
Sometimes, maybe, he's sad,
When the going's not too easy,
And there's nothing to be had

But a biscuit for his breakfast,
And no jam at all for tea.
Oh, then his thoughts turn wistfulwise
Home across the sea.

In suit of blue or silver-grey
He comes again to town.
His face it is a bit more thin,
His cheek a shade less brown.
He leans a little on his stick
In an unobtrusive way,
But somehow still he has the air
Of Tommy toujours gai.

Then ladies say a-smiling,
" Now, Tommy, come with me.
I'll take you driving in the Park,"
And " Won't you come to tea? "
Then we all sing " Tipperary "
And laugh and joke and play,
Since Tommy's with us once again,
Tommy toujours gai.

* * * * * *

But the little drums deride us,
And the little songs inside us
Sing the songs we cannot say,
Sing the words we fain would say.

W. J. Cameron.

By permission, Cameron, War and Life, *Chapman & Hall, London.*

SONG BEFORE SAILING

Here's to the lads that fight for the King!
Here's to the Highlanders, kilts a-swing!
Here's to the boys from the Only Isle
Who would die for the sake of their country's smile.
Here's to our comrades whose courage glows
Brave as their emblem, the English rose!
Shout till the rafters are ringing,
"Here's to our luck,
Here's to our pluck,
On the road we must take on the morrow!"

Think on you we have left behind?
Ay, with many a thought that's kind!
You who hid with a miser's fears
The hard-wrung bitter pence of your tears,
And gave us instead of your shining gold,
Smile and good cheer, for our hearts to hold
As weapons and armour meet for the fight;
You, being absent, are with us to-night—
For we could not have left you behind us.
So here's to your pluck,
And here's to good luck,
On the road we will take on the morrow!

Comes an end to the best of the fun;
One toast yet ere the feasting's done!
Then down with the glasses—crash—on the floor,
For the hour we have tasted may come no more:—
"Here's to the sunlit, glad sea-foam,
And the troop-ship that will one day carry us home!"
Some of us only? Well, good lack,

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

It is bullets alone that can keep us back!
But we are not beggars to borrow
Pence to make show of our sorrow;
Though some have the luck,
And some have—just—pluck,
Yet here's to our road on the morrow!

W. J. CAMERON.

By permission, Cameron, POEMS, *Longmans, Green & Co.*

"I CANNA SEE THE SERGEANT"

I canna see the Sergeant,
I canna see the Sergeant,
I canna—see the—sergeant,
He's owre far awa'.
Bring the wee chap nearer,
Bring the wee chap nearer,
O bring the—wee chap—nearer—
He's owre bloomin' sma'.

We canna see the sergeant,
The five foot five inch sergeant,
We canna—see the—sergeant
For smoke—and shell—and a'—
Now we can see him clearer,
Now we can see him nearer—
Upon the topmost parapet
He's foremost o' us a'!

We canna see the sergeant,
The sma' stout-hearted sergeant,
We canna—see the—sergeant,
He's dead and gone awa'.

THE "LAST" WAR

Bring the wee chap nearer,
Bring the wee chap nearer,
O he has grown the dearer
Now that he's far awa'!

JOSEPH LEE.

Lee, BALLADS OF BATTLE, *John Murray, London.*

(To be sung in staccato fashion.)

COCK YOUR BONNETS

It was after that black night
When we'd won our first big fight,
In the shadow of the pump-mill at Messines,
That a Brass-Head came and prattled
To us, feeling pretty rattled
With the things we'd done, and more with what we'd seen;
And he said,—

"Boys,—keep your bodies clean!
Boys,—keep your billets clean!
Boys,—cock your bonnets!
And, for God's sake, smile!"

And it bucked us up tremendous,
For the Boche had tried to end us,
Though we'd given him double dose for all we got;
And we'd gone through our probation,
And we'd saved a situation,
And the Big Pot put his finger on the spot:—
With his,—

"Boys,—keep your bodies clean!
Boys,—keep your billets clean!
Boys,—cock your bonnets!
And, for God's sake, smile!"

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

So we pass it on to you chaps;—
When you're fed up with new scraps,
Just remember what that good old Brass-Head said;
You'll find it worth your trying,
Both while living and when dying,
And you'll surely be the happier when you're dead,—

If you,—

Always keep your bodies clean!
Always keep your billets clean!
Always cock your bonnets,
And, for God's sake, smile!

JOHN OXENHAM.

THE FIERY CROSS, *John Oxenham.*

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HEROES

The heroes of the story books are ever in a pose,
They always die with words of high and lofty verse or prose,
But when the old Tuscania went down with flying flag
Our khaki gang of heroes sang a gay and foolish rag!

"Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"
Across the sea the melody came dancing free and clear;
They faced their fate with souls elate and hearts that knew no fear,
With "Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"

"Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"
A song, in truth, of valiant youth, that never loses cheer;

They felt the breath of clammy death, but with lilt sincere
Their laughing shout rang blithely out, "Where do we go from here?"

It is a tale whose wondrous thrill we all of us can share
When brave men meet their destiny with spirit debonair.
What foe can hope with boys to cope who sing, when death is near,
"Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"

BERTON BRALEY.

In Camp and Trench, by Berton Braley.

Copyright 1918, George H. Doran Company, Publishers.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

The little flag on Main Street
Is floating all the day,
Its stars are fairly sparkling,
Its stripes are glad and gay.
It stops the passing zephyrs
To tell them as they dance:
"I have a battle brother
Who flies to-day in France!"

The little flag on Main Street
Is streaming all the night,
It hails the wheeling planets
Upon their glowing flight.
It tells the joyful tidings
And calls to all its kin:
"I have a battle brother
Who marches to Berlin!"

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

By permission. Wilson, The Little Flag on Main Street, *Macmillan Co.*

THE LITTLE STAR IN THE WINDOW

There's a little star in the window of the house across the way,
A little star, red bordered, on a ground of pearly white;
I can see its gleam at evening; it is bright at dawn of day,
And I know it has been shining through the long and dismal night.

The folks who pass the window on the busy city street,
I often notice, turn a glance before they hurry by;
And one, a gray haired woman, made curtsy, low and sweet,
While something like a teardrop was glistening in her eye.

And yesterday an aged man, by life's stern battle spent,
His empty coat sleeve hanging down, a witness sadly mute,
Gave one swift look and halted—his form full height, unbent—
And ere he passed his hand came up in soldierly salute.

The little star in the window is aflame with living fire,
For it was lit at the hearthstone where a lonely mother waits;
And she has stained its crimson with the glow of her heart's desire,
And brightened its pearl-white heaven beyond the world's dark hates.

THE "LAST" WAR

The star shall shine through the battle when the shafts
of death are hurled;
It shall shine through the long night watches in the
foremost trenches' line;
Over the waste of waters, and beyond the verge of the
world,
Like the guiding Star of the Magi its blessed rays
shall shine.

The little star in the window shall beacon your boy's
return
As his eyes are set to the homeland, when the call of
the guns shall cease;
In the Flag's high constellation through the ages it shall
burn,
A pledge of his heart's devotion, a sign of his people's
peace.

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

By permission, THE NEW YORK SUN.

CORPORAL'S CHEVRONS

Oh, the General with his shiny stars, leadin' a parade,
The Colonel and the Adjutant a-sportin' of their braid,
The Major and the Skipper—none of 'em look so fine
As a newly minted corp'ral comin' down the line!

Oh, the Bishop in his mitre, pacin' up the aisle,
The Governor, frock-coated, with a votes-for-women
smile,
The Congressman, the Mayor, aren't in it, I opine,
With a newly minted corp'ral comin' down the line!

ANONYMOUS.

From YANKS, *Published by the A. E. F.*

THE FIFTEENTH REGIMENT

* * * * * *

Hush, chile, listen! Ain't dey comin'?
Yes, dat is dem comin' now!
I can hyeah de crowds hurrahin'—
I can see de soljahs bow.
Son, don't think yo' granny's crazy,
But dat music 'fects my feet,
When dat fightin' Fifteenth Reg'ment
Comes a marchin' down de street.

Lawzee, honey, hyeah dat music!
Ain't dem chillen playin' some?
Den jes' look daih in de middle,
See dat one daih wid de drum;
His whole body's in dat playin',
From his head down to his feet,
When dat fightin' Fifteenth Reg'ment
Comes a marchin' down de street.

* * * * * *

Ain't dey happy, too; jes' see 'em;
Boys, yo' mothah's watchin' you;
And I know the Gord in Glory
Has His eyes upon you, too,
And dat repperbate "de Kaisah"
Mout as well expect defeat,
When you reaches "ovah yondah"
An' goes marchin' down de street.

THEODORE HENRY SHACKELFORD.

By permission of the AUTHOR.

TO THE ANGLO-SAXON AVIATORS

The pilots of the future peace appear . . . .
Riding at will the wild wind's frozen breath,
They fly into the very face of fear,
The final foe, that conquered, conquers death.

Freedom has taken wings! Her message soars
Amid the battle wrack through trembling skies;
Borne on a myriad flashing planes it roars
Defiance to the priests of ancient lies.

Bound by the magic of a common tongue,
America and Britain hurl through space,
The challenge of democracy resung:
The mighty pean of a mighty race.

* * * * * *

C. Gouverneur Hoffman.

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EAGLE YOUTH
(1918)

They have taken his horse and plume,
They have left him to plod, and fume
For a hero's scope and room!
They have curbed his fighting pride,
They have bade him burrow and hide
With a million, side by side:
Look—into the air he springs,
Fighting with wings!

He has found a way to be free
Of that dim immensity
That would swallow up such as he:
Who would burrow when he could fly?
He will climb up into the sky,
And the world shall watch him die!
Only his peers may dare
Follow him there!

KARLE WILSON BAKER.

By permission, BOOK OF YALE REVIEW VERSE.

HOME IS WHERE THE PIE IS

"Home is where the heart is"—
Thus the poet sang;
But "home is where the pie is"
For the doughboy gang.
Crullers in the craters,
Pastry in abris—
Our Salvation Army lass
Sure knows how to please!

Watch her roll the pie crust
Mellower than gold;
Watch her place it neatly
Within its ample mold;

* * * * * *

In a region blasted
By fire and flame and sword,
Our Salvation Army lass
Battles for the Lord!

Call me sacrilegious,
And irreverent, too;
Pies? They link us up with home
As naught else can do!
" Home is where the heart is "—
True, the poet sang;
But " Home is where the pie is "
To the Yankee gang!

ANONYMOUS.

From YANKS, *Published by the A. E. F.*

BOTH WORSHIPPED THE SAME GREAT NAME

Jack Smith belonged to the Y. M. C. A.,
Pat Sheehan to the K. of C.
Both marched away 'neath the flag one day
To fight for the Land of the Free.

* * * * * *

While Jack stood straight as he humbly prayed,
Pat knelt at a candled shrine;
But the same great God heard each whispered word
That harkens to yours and mine.

* * * * * *

Each bullet its billet has got, they say,
And always will find some mark;
And Pat and Jack in a trench mud black
Lay side by side in the dark.
Their life's blood ebbed with a falling tide
As they came toward the Great Unknown;
But hand in hand from that far-off land
They knew they were not alone.

So "over the top" to the Glory Side,
Where never is war nor tears—
Where the true and tried in God's love abide
With nothing of doubts nor fears.
And the God they met as they entered in
Where the souls of all men are free
Was the God of Jack's Y. M. C. A.
And the God of Pat's K. of C.

ANONYMOUS.

THE RED CROSS NURSE

The battle smoke still fouled the day,
  With bright disaster flaming through;
Unchecked, absorbed, she held her way—
  The whispering death still past her flew.

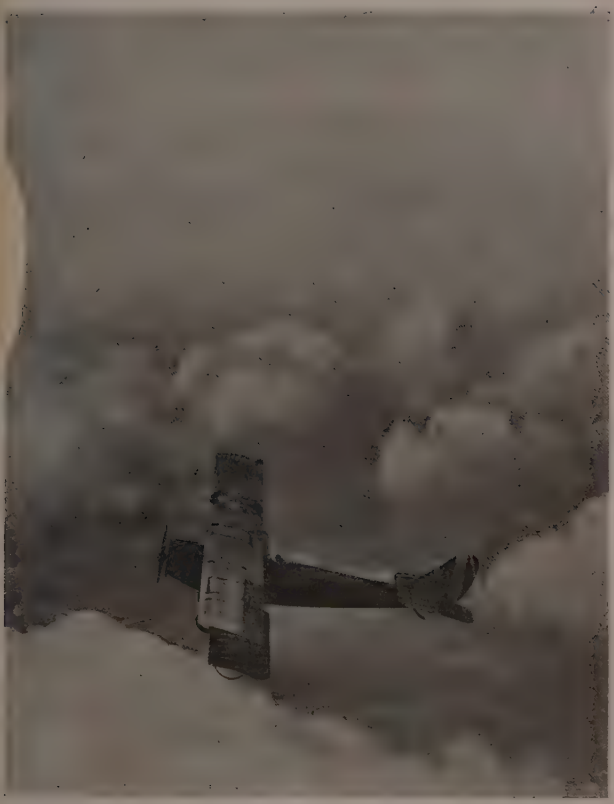
A cross of red was on her sleeve;
  And here she stayed, the wound to bind,
And there, the fighting soul relieve,
  That strove its Unknown Peace to find.

A cross of red . . . . . yet one has dreamed
  Of her he loved and left in tears;
But into dying sight she seemed
  A visitant from other spheres.

The whispering death—it nearer drew;
  It holds her heart in strict arrest,
And where was one, are crosses two—
  A crimson cross is on her breast!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

By permission, Thomas, THE WHITE MESSENGER, *The Four Seas Co.*



ABOVE THE CLOUDS

The pilots of the future peace appear . . .
Riding at will the wind's frozen breath.
—*C. Gouverneur Hoffman* (p. 13)

Photograph by U. S. Air Service, Lake Charles, La.

CANADIANS

With arrows on their quarters and with numbers on their hoofs,
With the trampling sound of twenty that re-echoes in the roofs,
Low of crest and dull of coat, wan and wild of eye,
Through our English village the Canadians go by.

Shying at a passing cart, swerving from a car,
Tossing up an anxious head to flaunt a snowy star,
Racking at a Yankee gait, reaching at the rein,
Twenty raw Canadians are tasting life again!

Hollow-necked and hollow-flanked, lean of rib and hip,
Strained and sick and weary with the wallow of the ship,
Glad to smell the turf again, hear the robin's call,
Tread again the country road they lost at Montreal!

Fate may bring them dule and woe; better steeds than they
Sleep beside the English guns a hundred leagues away;
But till war hath need of them, lightly lie their reins,
Softly fall the feet of them along the English lanes.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

By permission, COUNTRY LIFE, *London.*

HERE: AND THERE

SEPTEMBER, 1914

HERE

Soft benediction of September sun;
Voices of children, laughing as they run;
Green English lawns, bright flowers and butterflies;
And over all the blue embracing skies.

THERE

Tumult and roaring of the incessant gun;
Dead men and dying, trenches lost and won;
Blood, mud, and havoc, bugles, shoutings, cries;
And over all the blue embracing skies.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

By permission, CHRISTMAS ROSES FOR 1914, *A. L. Humphreys, London.*

THE OLD KINGS

All of the Old Kings
  Are wakened from their sleep,
Arthur out of Avalon,
  Ogier from the deep,
Redbeard from his Dragon-Rock,
  Sigurd from his fen. . . .
"*Is it time,*" they rise and cry,
"*To lead our hosts again?*"

They have donned their winged helms,
  They would rise and reign,
The young king Sebastian,
  The old king Charlemagne,
Harold with his great bow,
  Roland with his horn . . .
Men who heard their horses' hoofs
  Many a scarlet morn!

The Old Kings have risen. . . .
  Where the hosts advance
Redbeard cries his Germans on,
  Karle cries out for France,

THE "LAST" WAR

Up and down the battlefield
  Ghostly armies beat,
Stilly down the gray sea glides
  Olaf's shadow-fleet:

Up and down the red fields
  Men have seen them go,
Seen the long plumes on the wind,
  Seen the pennons flow,
Harry out of Agincourt
  Sends his bowmen wide,
Joan that has forgiven them
  Battles at their side. . . .

Christ, King of Paradise,
  Hasten with Thy hosts,
Angels all in silver mail,
  Saints and blessed ghosts,
Cry the long swords sheathed again,
  Cry the pennons furled,
Lest under Ragnarok
  Lie the shattered world!

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

By permission, Widdemer, THE OLD ROAD TO PARADISE, *Henry Holt & Co.*

THE VOLUNTEER

Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,
Thinking that so his days would drift away
With no lance broken in life's tournament;

Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied;
From twilight into spacious dawn he went;
His lance is broken, but he lies content
With that high hour, in which he lived and died.
And falling thus he wants no recompense,
Who found his battle in the last resort;
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

HERBERT ASQUITH.

Asquith, THE VOLUNTEER AND OTHER POEMS, *Sidgwick & Jackson, London.*

PERSHING AT THE TOMB OF LAFAYETTE

They knew they were fighting our war. As the months grew to years
Their men and their women had watched through their blood and their tears
For a sign that we knew, we who could not have come to be free
Without France, long ago. And at last from the threatening sea
The stars of our strength on the eyes of their weariness rose,
And he stood among them, the sorrow-strong hero we chose
To carry our flag to the tomb of that Frenchman whose name

A man of our country could once more pronounce without shame.
What crown of rich words would be set for all times on this day?
The past and the future were listening what he would say—
Only this, from the white-flaming heart of a passion austere,
Only this—ah, but France understood! "Lafayette, we are here."

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

THE SILVER TRUMPET, *Amelia Josephine Burr.*
Copyright 1918, GEORGE H. DORAN CO., Publishers.

SALUTATION

Fill a cup to Belgium,
Hail—was hail!
She who found the hidden shrine
Of the Holy Grail.

Drink a cup to Belgium,
Drink—drink hail!
Nay, the cup is red within
As the sunset's trail!

Who can drink of Belgium's cup?
Hail—was hail!
It is brimmed with blood and tears;
Is not this the Grail?

Lift the cup to Belgium,
Drink—drink hail!
Nay, she drained it all alone—
She who dared not fail.

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

For the Knight who is her King—
Hail—was hail!
Held it, smiling, to her lips,
Eager lips, though pale.

Bend the knee to Belgium,
Drink—drink hail!
See, her cup is all alight,—
She hath found the Grail!

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

By permission, Smith, THE FINAL STAR, *James T. White Co.*

WIRELESS

There sits a little demon
Above the Admiralty,
To take the news of seamen
Seafaring on the sea;
So all the folk aboard-ships
Five hundred miles away
Can pitch it to their Lordships
At any time of day.

The cruisers prowl observant,
Their crackling whispers go;
The demon says, "Your servant,"
And lets their Lordships know;
A fog's come down off Flanders?
A something showed off Wick?
The captains and commanders
Can speak their Lordships quick.

THE "LAST" WAR

The demon sits a-waking;
Look up above Whitehall
E'en now, mayhap, he's taking
The Greatest Word of all;
From smiling folk aboard-ships
He ticks it off the reel:—
"An' may it please your Lordships,
A fleet's put out o' Kiel!"

ANONYMOUS.

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I WONDER WHAT CERVERA THOUGHT

(NOVEMBER 21, 1918)

I wonder what Cervera thought
When, to the wide and silent sea,
That dull November morning brought
The broken fleet of Germany:—
Those dumb gray hulks that never knew
The glory of a hope forlorn,
Whose long dishonored banners flew
Only to feel their foemen's scorn.

I wonder what Cervera thought
While unbelieving waters bore
Those craven ships that never fought
To anchor by a hostile shore:—
Those great tall ships, alive with men
Who shamed that knighthood of the wave
Whose trust they shall not know again
Nor the high councils of the brave.

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

I wonder what Cervera thought
When, from the portals of the sky,
His swift far-ranging vision caught
That host of men afraid to die.
I wonder what Cervera thought,
Of that armada moving there
In strange and sullen safety;—bought
With the one thing he did not dare!

HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER.

By permission, THE OUTLOOK.

THE WHITE SHIPS AND THE RED

* * * * * *

I went not forth to battle,
I carried friendly men,
The children played about my decks,
The women sang—and then—
And then—the sun blushed scarlet
And heaven hid its face,
The world that God created
Became a shameful place!

My wrong cries out for vengeance,
The blow that sent me here
Was aimed in Hell. My dying scream
Has reached Jehovah's ear.
Not all the seven oceans
Shall wash away the stain;
Upon a brow that wears a crown
I am the brand of Cain.

THE "LAST" WAR

When God's great voice assembles
The fleet on Judgment Day,
The ghosts of ruined ships will rise
In sea and strait and bay.
Though they have lain for ages
Beneath the changeless flood,
They shall be white as silver,
But one—shall be like blood.

JOYCE KILMER.

By permission, THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Joyce Kilmer: POEMS, ESSAYS AND LETTERS, *with Memoir by R. C. Holliday.*

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CHILDREN OF FRANCE

Dear little sad-eyed children of France,
Once on a time, when the world was gay,
In the streets of Paris you danced and sang,
God grant you again a happy day,
Sad little children of France.

Wan little weary-eyed children of France,
In the streets of Paris you knelt to-day,
Knelt at the sight of a succoring flag,
Knelt in the streets where you used to play,
Heart-broken children of France.

We are thinking to-day of the long ago,
Kneeling children, beyond the sea,
When your fathers came, with hearts aflame,
To us, in the name of liberty,
Fatherless children of France.

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

Fair by the side of the Red, White and Blue,
The Stars and Stripes in your streets are a-blow!
Never so beautiful, now they glow
In the name of that help of the long ago,
Kneeling babies of France.

You knelt in your streets as our flag went by—
Our flag with a glory strangely new.
The stars of heaven gleamed in its folds,
Strewn but to-day in that field of blue,
For you, O children of France!

Dear little war-smitten children of France,
In our hearts is a prayer as the flag goes by—
For the flag we have vowed to a glorious quest,
For the flag aflame on a far away sky,
For God—and the babies of France.

GERTRUDE ROBINSON.

By permission, LIFE.

AMERICA AT WAR

AMERICA,
If thy sons can go to war
Thinking—
If men democracy-trained can fight
And not glory in it
But earnestly regret that war must be—
If they can follow thy banner
And know
That its red does not represent blood
But sunrise,

That its white
Is not death but deliverance,
That its stars
Are not pilots for warships
But makers of poetry—
O America,
Then shall democracy conquer
And war shall never more be.

GERTRUDE SMITH.

By permission, THE POETS OF THE FUTURE, *Stratford Co.*

YOUNG FELLOW MY LAD

"Where are you going, Young Fellow My Lad,
On this glittering morn of May?"
"I'm going to join the Colours, Dad;
They're looking for men, they say."
"But you're only a boy, Young Fellow My Lad;
You aren't obliged to go."
"I'm seventeen and a quarter, Dad,
And ever so strong, you know."

. . . . . .

"So you're off to France, Young Fellow My Lad,
And you're looking so fit and bright."
"I'm terribly sorry to leave you, Dad,
But I feel that I'm doing right."
"God bless you and keep you, Young Fellow My Lad;
You're all of my life, you know."
"Don't worry. I'll soon be back, dear Dad,
And I'm awfully proud to go."

. . . . . .

"Why don't you write, Young Fellow My Lad?
I watch for the post each day;
And I miss you so, and I'm awfully sad,
And it's months since you went away.

And I've had the fire in the parlour lit,
And I'm keeping it burning bright
Till my boy comes home; and here I sit
Into the quiet night."

. . . . . .

"What is the matter, Young Fellow My Lad:
No letter again to-day.
Why did the postman look so sad,
And sigh as he turned away?
I hear them tell that we've gained new ground,
But a terrible price we've paid:
God grant, my boy, that you're safe and sound;
But, oh, I'm afraid, afraid."

. . . . . .

"They've told me the truth, Young Fellow My Lad;
You'll never come back again:
(*Oh God! the dreams and the dreams I've had,*
And the hopes I've nursed in vain!)
For you passed in the night, Young Fellow My Lad,
And you proved in the cruel test
Of the screaming shell and the battle hell
That my boy was one of the best.

"So you'll live, you'll live, Young Fellow My Lad,
In the gleam of the evening star,
In the wood-note wild and the laugh of the child,
In all sweet things that are.
And you'll never die, my wonderful boy,
While life is noble and true;
For all our beauty and hope and joy
We will owe to our lads like you."

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

From RHYMES OF A RED CROSS MAN, *by Robert W. Service; published by Barse & Hopkins, New York.*

THE "LAST" WAR

HEROES

Ready with his eager life
  Enemies to quell,
Giving all for Uncle Sam,
  Facing shot and shell,
Bound to march on any foe,
  Though the road be rough,
Cheer for Johnny Leg-away,
  Made of hero stuff!

Yet remember while you thrill
  To the tramping feet,
In the breasts of stay-at-homes
  Soldier hearts may beat.
Battles of the commonplace
  Rage the struggle through,
Cheer for Johnny Peg-away,
  He's a hero, too!

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

By permission, Wilson, THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET, *Macmillan Co.*

THE NEW CRUSADE

Life is a trifle;
  Honor is all;
Shoulder the rifle;
  Answer the call.
"*A nation of traders!*"
  We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
  Who war against war.

Battle is tragic;
Battle shall cease;
Ours is the magic
Mission of Peace.
"*A nation of traders!*"
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war.

Gladly we barter
Gold of our youth
For Liberty's charter
Blood-sealed in truth.
"*A nation of traders!*"
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war.

Sons of the granite,
Strong be our stroke,
Making this planet
Safe for the folk.
"*A nation of traders!*"
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war.

Life is but passion,
Sunshine on dew,
Forward to fashion
The old world anew!
"*A nation of traders!*"
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

By permission, Bates, THE RETINUE, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*

WAR'S ALCHEMY

There is more gold on earth to-day
  Than there has been before,
The golden love of country,
  Made out of iron of war,
The greater love of homestead
  Since it has suffered wrong
And he who once sang lyrics,
  Now has a deeper song;
The epic of his homeland,
  America, the free!
Drink from her gleaming stirrup-cup,
  Riders to Liberty!

ISABEL FISKE CONANT.

By permission, CONTEMPORARY VERSE.

VIVE LA FRANCE *

Franceline rose in the dawning gray,
And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,
For her man Michel had holiday,
  Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle-side,
And with baby palms folded in hers she cried:
"If I have but one prayer, dear, crucified
  Christ—save France!"

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" But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,
Carry me safe to the meeting-place;
Let me look once again on my dear love's face,
Save him for France!"

She crooned to her boy: " Oh, how glad he'll be,
Little three-months old, to set eyes on thee!
For, ' Rather than gold, would I give,' wrote he,
' A son to France.' "

" Come, now, be good, little stray *sauterelle*,
For we're going by-by to thy papa Michel;
But I'll not say where for fear thou wilt tell,
Little pigeon of France!"

" Six days' leave and a year between!
But what would you have? In six days clean,
Heaven was made," said Franceline,
" Heaven and France."

She came to the town of the nameless name:
To the marching troops in the street she came,
And she held high her boy like a taper flame
Burning for France.

Fresh from the trenches and gray with grime,
Silent they march like a pantomime;
" But what need of music? My heart beats time—
Vive la France!"

His regiment comes. Oh, then, where is he?
" There is dust in my eyes, for I cannot see,—
Is that my Michel to the right of thee,
Soldier of France?"

Then out of the ranks a comrade fell,—
" Yesterday—'twas a splinter of shell—
And he whispered thy name, did thy poor Michel,
Dying for France."

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed
Like a woman's heart of its last joy robbed,
As she lifted her boy to the flag, and sobbed:
" Vive la France!"

CHARLOTTE HOLMES CRAWFORD.

THE NIGHTINGALES OF FLANDERS

The nightingales of Flanders,
They have not gone to war;
A soldier heard them singing
Where they had sung before.

The earth was torn and quaking,
The sky about to fall;
The nightingales of Flanders,
They minded not at all.

At intervals he heard them,
Between the guns, he said,
Making a thrilling music
Above the listening dead.

Of woodland and of orchard
And roadside tree bereft,
The nightingales of Flanders
Were singing, " France is left!"

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

By permission, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, *Ridgway Co.*

THE TREES OF FRANCE

Hush, little leaves, your springtime dance,
Sigh for the murdered trees of France.

* * * * * *

Friends were they of the peasant folk,
Friends whom the birds and kine bespoke.

* * * * * *

Spoil are they of destroying lust,
Not of the battle stroke and thrust.

* * * * * *

They are a garden still to see,
They are the world's Gethsemane.

Hush, little leaves, your springtime dance,
Sigh for the murdered trees of France.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

By permission, Wilson, THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET, *Macmillan Company.*

RETREAT

Broken, bewildered by the long retreat
Across the stifling leagues of southern plain,
Across the scorching leagues of trampled grain,
Half-stunned, half-blinded by the trudge of feet
And dusty smother of the August heat,
He dreamt of flowers in an English lane,
Of hedgerow flowers glistening after rain—
All-heal and willowherb and meadowsweet.

All-heal and willowherb and meadowsweet.
The innocent names kept up a cool refrain,
All-heal and willowherb and meadowsweet,
Chiming and tinkling in his aching brain
Until he babbled like a child again—
"All-heal and willowherb and meadowsweet."

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

By permission, Gibson, COLLECTED POEMS, *Macmillan Co.*

POPPIES

Poppies in the wheat fields of the pleasant fields of France,
Reddening in the summer breeze that bids them nod and dance;
Over them the skylark sings his lilting, liquid tune—
Poppies in the wheat fields, and all the world in June.

* * * * * *

See the stalwart Yankee lads, never ones to blench,
Poppies in their helmets as they clear the shallow trench—
Leaping down the furrows with eager, boyish tread,
Through the poppied wheat fields to the flaming woods ahead.

Poppies in the wheat fields as sinks the summer sun—
Broken, bruised and trampled—but the bitter day is won;
Yonder in the woodland where the flashing rifles shine,
With their poppies in their helmets, the front files hold the line.

Poppies in the wheat field; how still beside them lie
Scattered forms that stir not when the star shells burst
on high;
Gently bending o'er them beneath the moon's soft glance,
Poppies of the wheat fields on the ransomed hills of
France.

CAPT. JOSEPH MILLS HANSON.

From YANKS, *Published by the A. E. F.*

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE.

By permission of PUNCH *and* THE NEW YORK TIMES.

DEATH AND THE FAIRIES

Before I joined the Army
I lived in Donegal,
Where every night the Fairies
Would hold their carnival.

THE "LAST" WAR

But now I'm out in Flanders,
Where men like wheat-ears fall,
And it's Death and not the Fairies
Who is holding carnival.

PATRICK MACGILL.

By permission, MacGill, SOLDIER SONGS, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*

THE KINGS

Three kings riding forth of old
(Myrrh and frankincense and gold),

Three kings waiting fearful dawn
Where the battle-lines are drawn.

Kings of bloody strife, how far
You have wandered from your star!

HENRY WILLIAM HOYNE.

By permission, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

THE GERMAN-AMERICAN

Honor to him whose very blood remembers
The old, enchanted dream-song of the Rhine,
Although his house of life is fair with shine
Of fires new-kindled on the buried embers;

Whose heart is wistful for the flowers he tended
Beside his mother, for the carven gnome
And climbing bear and cuckoo-clock of home,
For the whispering forest path two lovers wended;

Who none the less, still strange in speech and manner,
With our young Freedom keeps his plighted faith,
Sides with his children's hope against the wraith
Of his own childhood, hails the starry Banner

As emblem of his country now, to-morrow;
A patriot by duty, not by birth.
The costliest loyalty has purest worth.
Honor to him who draws the sword in sorrow!

KATHERINE LEE BATES.

By permission, DRUMS AND FIFES, THE VIGILANTES' BOOK, *published by Doran, New York.*
By permission, Bates, THE RETINUE, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*

LAST CHRISTMAS IN THE HOLY LAND

They are coming out of Egypt and they seek the Promised Land
Through the desert and the lions that are standing in the way.
Hark! I hear the Tommies, cheering to the music of the band;
"Carry on!" the captain's calling, "Carry on!" and "Clear the way!"

They have taken Gath and Ashdod and old Ascalon as well,
The places where the Philistines so fondly loved to dwell;
They have got the gates of Gaza, and advancing in their wrath
They smite the Hun as David smote Goliath of old Gath.

They have entered little Bethlehem with joy for Christmas Day,
They are in the Holy City with a prayer no words may say.
God keep you, young Crusaders! away beyond the sea;
He led you through the desert and Jerusalem is free.

ANDREW F. WEST.

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THE CALL

SACRIFICE

Though love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,—
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

By permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., from Emerson's POEMS.

THE CALL

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind—
  That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
  To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase—
  The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
  A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
  As you, too, should adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
  Loved I not honor more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

MEN OF THE NORTH

Men of the North, look up!
  There's a tumult in your sky;
A troubled glory surging out,
  Great shadows hurrying by.

* * * * * *

Men of the North, awake!
  Ye're called to from the deep;
Trumpets in every breeze—
  Yet there ye lie asleep.

A stir in every tree,
  A shout from every wave;
A challenging on every side,
  A moan from every grave:

A battle in the sky;
  Ships thundering through the air—
Jehovah on the march—
  Men of the North, to prayer!

* * * * * *

JOHN NEAL.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL

Lay down the axe, fling by the spade:
  Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet-blade
  For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
  Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
  The charger on the battle-field.

* * * * * *

Few, few were they whose swords, of old,
  Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
  The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
  Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand
  And glorious must their triumph be.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

By permission, POETICAL WORKS, *D. Appleton & Co.*

THE REVEILLE

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick-alarming drum—
Saying: "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick-alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed: "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered: "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"

But the drum
Answered: "Come!
Better there in death united than in life a recreant—
Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said: "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb;
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered:
"Lord, we come!"

BRET HARTE.

By permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., from Harte's COMPLETE POEMS.

THE SPIRIT OF MAN

* * * * * *

Bring me my Bow of burning gold!
Bring me my Arrows of desire!
Bring me my Spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of Fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

BLAKE.

From MILTON, *"The Spirit of Man," Anthology.*

WAR SONG.

Up with the flag of the Stripes and Stars!
Gather together from plough and from loom!
Hark to the signal!—the music of wars
Sounding for tyrants and traitors their doom.
Brothers unite—rouse in your might,
For Justice and Freedom, for God and the Right!

* * * * * *

Land of the Free—that our Fathers of old,
Bleeding together, cemented in blood—
Give us thy blessing, as brave and as bold,
Standing like one, as our ancestors stood—
Conquer or fall! Hark to the call;
Justice and freedom for one and for all!

Workmen arise! There is work for us now;
Ours the red ledger for bayonet pen;
Sword be our hammer, and cannon our plough;
Liberty's loom must be manned with men,
Freemen! we fight, roused in our might,
For Justice and Freedom, for God and the Right!

W. W. Story.

TO THE UNITED STATES

O thousand years of Britain's pride,
One hundred of your own,
Of throbbing fires of liberty
Bred in your blood and bone;
O stalwart 'mid the nations
To-day alone you stand,
The fate and being of a world
Within your puissant hand.

And shall the scale say bloodshed,
Or shall the word be peace?
Shall brute and blind and cruel Force
Rule, or his thunders cease?
Shall man go back a century,
And dream an alien dream,
Of clashing arms, of sabre stroke,
Of leaguered shore agleam?
Or shall the world go forward
To wisdom and surcease
Of brutal strife, to the higher life
Of brotherhood and peace?

O thousand years of Britain's pride,
One hundred of your own,
Child of the greatest mother-stock
The world hath ever known;
Who hold within your honor,
Who keep athwart your pride,
The hope or wrecking of a world;
Hold back the bloody tide!
Show men that justice, patience,
Are nobler far than hate,
You with your million valiant hearts
Entrenched by each sea-gate.
You who could hurl the eastern world
Back into either sea,
Show, greater far than iron force,
'Tis peace that rules the free,
That far from western granite gates

THE CALL

Old battles' smoke hath blown;
Thou thousand years of Britain's pride,
One hundred of your own.

WILFRED CAMPBELL.

By permission, Campbell, COLLECTED POEMS, *Fleming H. Revell Co.*

TO ENGLAND

Mother, we come from beyond the sea,
Whom you bore in the distant past,
Unloving children of thine were we,
But flesh of thy flesh at the last.

We came not for thy deep bruised breast,
For the pain in thy valiant cry,
But we come at last for our own soul's rest
Lest the soul of England die.

Now from camp and from keen gray fleet
Our war flags also fly,
You hear the throb of our marching feet—
Mother! Thy sons are nigh.

Now in the watch for morning dim,
Through the beats of the shrapnel's drum,
You hear the surge of our battle hymn—
Mother! We come! We come!

WILLIAM BAKEWELL WHARTON.

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THE DEBT

For the youth they gave and the blood they gave,
  For the strength that was our stay,
For every marked or nameless grave
  On the steel-torn Flanders way—
We who are whole of body and soul
  We have a debt to pay.

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

When we have justly given back again
To the maimed body and bewildered brain,
New strength and light and will to take one's part
In the world's work at field or desk or mart,
When this old joy of living we restore,
We shall have paid a little of our score.

When we have given to earth's stricken lands
The service of our minds and hearts and hands,
When we have made the blackened orchards bright,
And brought the homeless ones to warmth and light,
When we have made these desolate forget,
We shall have paid a little of our debt.

For the youth they gave and the blood they gave
  We must render back the due;
For every marked or nameless grave
  We must pay a service true:
Till the scales stand straight with even weight
  And the world is a world made new.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

By permission, THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE.

APRIL 2, 1917

We have been patient—and they named us weak;
We have been silent—and they judged us meek.
Now, in the much-abused high name of God,
  We speak.

Oh, not with faltering or uncertain tone—
With chosen words we make our meaning known,
That like a great wind from the West shall shake
  The double throne.

THE CALL

Our colors flame upon the topmost mast,—
We lift the glove so arrogantly cast,
And in the much-abused high name of God
We speak at last.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

By permission, DRUMS AND FIFES, THE VIGILANTES' BOOK, *copyright* 1917, *George H. Doran Co., Publishers.*

THE PATRIOTS

The earth was thirsty—it fain would drink,
A patriot watered it well with ink,
For he was a critical cautious man,
With many a well considered plan,
But out of the mud there came to pass
No greening beauty, no blade of grass.

The earth was thirsty—the drouth of years,
A patriot watered it well with tears;
A good man he, with a tender heart,
Who knew not war was a needful part,
But out of the sodden soil there grew
But rosemary sad and grieving rue.

The earth was thirsty—it craved a flood,
A patriot watered it well with blood,
The blood of valorous clear-eyed youth
Who died for honour and Flag and truth,
And laurel sprang from the crimsoned sod
And lilies of peace grew up to God.

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

By permission, Wilson, THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET, *Macmillan Co.*

THE ANSWER

There is one answer to all dreams of ease—
Belgium!
One answer to the Teuton's cunning pleas—
Belgium!
One test and touchstone for all hearts that feel;
One word that is a stroke of steel on steel,
A stroke whose clangor sets a long note ringing
That falls upon our ears like distant singing.

One word for you who say that strife must cease—
Belgium!
Justice to her must hold the key of peace—
Belgium!
And you who clamor that our cry should be
Not love of country but Humanity,
Have you not heard it, as you pass unheeding?
Humanity! In her the world lies bleeding!

Not she alone the dark decree must know—
Belgium!
The first in that great sisterhood of woe—
Belgium!
She speaks, my Country, with your own lost dead;
She brings one answer to your shrinking dread;
Draw now your sword, and set the clear stroke ringing
That falls upon our hearts like mighty singing!
Belgium!

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

By permission, Smith, THE FINAL STAR, *James T. White Co.*

A SCRAP OF PAPER

"Will you go to war just for a scrap of paper?"—*Question of the German Chancellor to the British Ambassador, August 5, 1914.*

A mocking question! Britain's answer came
Swift as the light and searching as the flame.

"Yes, for a scrap of paper we will fight
Till our last breath; and God defend the right!

"A scrap of paper where a name is set
Is strong as duty's pledge and honor's debt.

"A scrap of paper holds for man and wife
The sacrament of love, the bond of life.

"A scrap of paper may be Holy Writ
With God's eternal word to hallow it.

"A scrap of paper binds us both to stand
Defenders of a neutral neighbor land.

"By God, by faith, by honor, yes! We fight
To keep our name upon that paper white."

HENRY VAN DYKE.

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AN INVOCATION

That little children may in safety ride
The strong, clean waters of Thy splendid seas;
That Anti-Christ be no more glorified,
Nor mock Thy justice with his blasphemies,
We come—but not with threats or braggart boasts.
Hear us, Lord God of Hosts!

That Liberty be not betrayed and sold,
And that her sons prove worthy of the breed;
That Freedom's flag may shelter as of old,
Nor decorate the shrines of Gold and Greed,
We come; and on our consecrated sword
We ask Thy blessing, Lord.

That honor be among those priceless things
Without which life shall seem of little worth;
That covenants be not the sport of kings;
That freedom shall not perish from the earth,
We come; across a scarred and blood-stained sod,
Lead us, Almighty God!

BEATRICE BARRY.

By permission, THE NEW YORK TIMES.

FALL IN!

We thought that reason had mastered men,
That peace of the world was lord,
That never the roll of the drum again
Should quicken the thirsty sword—
But our bubble broke with a sudden blow
And we heard, like the trumpets din
That levelled the walls of Jericho,
The old stern cry—"Fall in!"

We were numb, amazed, we were sick and dazed
With a horror past belief;
Silent we stood while Belgium blazed
In her martyr's glory of grief.
Then it came so near that we needs must hear,
For the cry of our murdered kin
Drove in our heart like a searching spear
The call of the hour—"Fall in!"

THE CALL

Not in the flush of a barren thrill
Do we come to our deed at last.
We have weighed our will, we must do our will,
For the doubting time is past.
We have faced our soul in the sleepless night
And what shall we fear but sin?
Not for love of the fight, but for the love of the right,
In the name of our God—" Fall in! "

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

THE SILVER TRUMPET, *Amelia Josephine Burr.*
Copyright 1918, GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, Publishers.

THE ROAD TO FRANCE

Thank God our liberating lance
Goes flaming on the way to France!
To France—the trail the Gurkhas found!
To France—old England's rallying ground!
To France—the path the Russian strode!
To France—the Anzacs' glory road!
To France—where our Lost Legion ran
To fight and die for God and man!
To France—with every race and breed
That hates Oppression's brutal creed!

Ah! France—how could our hearts forget
The path by which came Lafayette?
How could the haze of doubt hang low
Upon the road of Rochambeau?
How was it that we missed the way
Brave Joffre leads us along to-day?
At last, thank God! At last we see
There is no tribal Liberty!

No beacon lighting just our shores!
No Freedom guarding but our doors!
The flame she kindled for our sires
Burns now in Europe's battle fires!
The soul that led our fathers west
Turns back to free the world's oppressed!

Allies, you have not called in vain!
We share your conflict and your pain!
"Old Glory" through new stains and rents,
Partakes of Freedom's sacraments!
Into that hell His will creates
We drive the foe; his lusts, his hates!
Last come, we will be last to stay—
Till Right has had her crowning day!
Replenish, comrades, from our veins,
The blood the sword of despot drains,
And make our eager sacrifice
Part of the freely rendered price
You pay to lift humanity—
You pay to make our brothers free!
See, with what proud hearts we advance—
To France!

DANIEL M. HENDERSON.

By permission of the NATIONAL ARTS CLUB.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD *

Thou, warden of the western gate, above Manhattan Bay,
The fogs of doubt that hid thy face are driven clean away:

**From* THE RED FLOWER, *copyright* 1918, *by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.*

THE CALL

Thine eyes at last look far and clear, thou liftest high thy hand
To spread the light of liberty world-wide for every land.

* * * * * *

Britain, and France, and Italy, and Russia newly born,
Have waited for thee in the night. Oh, come as comes the morn!
Serene and strong and full of faith, America arise,
With steady hope and mighty help to join thy brave Allies.

O dearest country of my heart! home of the high desire!
Make clean thy soul for sacrifice on Freedom's altar fire:
For thou must suffer, thou must fight, until the war-lords cease,
And all the peoples lift their heads in liberty and peace.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

CRUSADERS

There's one who writes of Oxford—
Gray towers and pearl-gray sky—
And grieves for all the merry lads
Who have gone forth to die;

While I my way through Princeton—
Pearl-gray against keen blue—
Take softlier, with an aching heart,
For pride, dear lads, in you.

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

I know not one among you:
No son to give have I:
But each slim khaki boy my heart
Salutes, as I go by.

Yours is the day! We greet you.
'Tis ours to stand aside,
And see you cast your rightful joys,
Your cap and gown fling wide.

The great Crusade awaits you!
Strange steeds of sea and sky
Are straining at their leash, till you
Come forth to float or fly.

For brotherhood:—for no dead bonds
Ye loose each shining sword!
Ye fight not for a sepulchre
But for the living Lord.

MARION N. GASKILL.

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A POET ENLISTS

And all the songs that I might sing—
Madness to risk them so, you say?
How is it such a certain thing
That I can sing them if I stay?

The winds of God are past control,
They answer to no human call,
And if I lose my living soul,
That is—for me—the end of all.

Better to shout one last great song,
Dying myself, to dying men,
Than crawl the bitter years along
And never sing again.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

THE SILVER TRUMPET, *Amelia Josephine Burr.*
Copyright 1918, GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, Publishers.

A FREE WOMAN, NOT A PACIFIST

I'm glad I am no pacifist,
That banners floating free
From every flag-staff, every tower
Mean everything to me,
Honor and sacrifice and truth,
A Nation's loyalty!

I'm glad I am no sheltered thing,
Too safe to understand
The hunger pangs, the ghastly need
Of that invaded land,
And glad they called us, that we gave
An eager helping hand!

I'm glad it has been given me
To see that even war
With all its grisly harvesting
May hold some good in store,
Through toughened fibre, strengthened will
And minds that crime abhor!

* * * * * *

And now we ask no coward's peace!
We'll pour forth all we own,
Money and life and love and youth,
That we may now atone
For those unseeing leisured years
Before the truth was known!

* * * * * *

I'm glad I am no pacifist—
Old Glory floating free
Beside those friendly foreign flags
Means home and hope to me,
And more, in time, throughout the world
It means Man's Liberty!

ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN.

By permission of the AUTHOR *and* THE NEW YORK TIMES.

HEROES

TO A HERO

We may not know how fared your soul before
  Occasion came to try it by this test.
Perchance, it used on lofty wings to soar;
  Again, it may have dwelt in lowly nest.

We do not know if bygone knightly strain
  Impelled you then, or blood of humble clod
Defied the dread adventure to attain
  The cross of honor or the peace of God.

We see but this, that when the moment came
  You raised on high, then drained, the solemn cup—
The grail of death; that, touched by valor's flame,
  The kindled spirit burned the body up.

OSCAR C. A. CHILD.

By permission, HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MARCO BOZZARIS

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard,
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,
Then press'd that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,—
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;
He woke, to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke, to die 'midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast

As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike, till the last arm'd foe expires;
Strike, for your altars and your fires;
Strike, for the green graves of your sires;
God and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

* * * * * *

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her proud clime.

* * * * * *

For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

By permission, Halleck, POETICAL WORKS, *D. Appleton & Co.*

THE GREEKS AT THERMOPYLÆ

They fell devoted, but undying;
The very gale their names seemed sighing;
The waters murmured of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay:
Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain:
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolled mingling with their fame forever.
Despite of every yoke she bears,
The land is glory's still and theirs.
'Tis still a watchword to the earth:
When man would do a deed of worth,
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head;
He looks to her, and rushes on
Where life is lost, or freedom won.

BYRON.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

Lars Porsena of Clusium,
  By the nine gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
  Should suffer wrong no more.
By the nine gods he swore it,
  And named a trysting-day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
  East and west and south and north,
  To summon his array.

* * * * * *

They held a council, standing
Before the river-gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Outspake the consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

* * * * * *

Then outspake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?"

* * * * * *

"Hew down the bridge, sir consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play,—
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then outspake Spurius Lartius,—
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo! I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"FREEDOM'S CRUSADERS WHO WAR AGAINST WAR"

Poster-painting for the Fourth Liberty Loan by Edwin H. Blashfield (reproduced by the courtesy of the present owner, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City).

And outspake strong Herminius,—
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

* * * * * *

But, hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

* * * * * *

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh.
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space,
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.

Through teeth and skull and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

* * * * * *

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

* * * * * *

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the fathers all,—
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

* * * * * *

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;

And a long shout of triumph
  Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
  Was splashed the yellow foam.

* * * * * *

Alone stood brave Horatius,
  But constant still in mind,—
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
  And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
  With a smile on his pale face;
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
  "Now yield thee to our grace!"

Round turned he, as not deigning
  Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
  To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
  The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
  That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
  To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
  Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
  The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
  Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
  Was heard from either bank,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
  Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
  They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry;
And even the ranks of Tuscany
  Could scarce forbear to cheer.

* * * * * *

When the goodman mends his armor,
  And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
  Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
  Still is the story told
How well Horatius kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

MACAULAY.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

THE ADMIRAL'S GHOST

I tell you a tale to-night
  Which a seaman told to me,
With eyes that gleamed in the lanthorn light
  And a voice as low as the sea.

* * * * * *

"Do 'ee know who Nelson was?
  That pore little shrivelled form
With the patch on his eye, and the pinned-up sleeve
  And a soul like a North Sea storm?

* * * * * *

"He wasn't the man you think!
His patch was a dern disguise!
For he knew that they'd find him out, d'you see,
If they looked him in both his eyes.

"He was twice as big as he seemed;
But his clothes was cunningly made,
He'd both of his hairy arms all right!
The sleeve was a trick of the trade.

"You've heard of sperrits, no doubt;
Well, there's more in the matter than that!
But he wasn't the patch and he wasn't the sleeve,
And he wasn't the lace cocked-hat.

"*Nelson was just—a ghost!*
You may laugh! But the Devonshire men
They knew that he'd come when England called,
And they know that he'll come again.

"I'll tell you the way it was
(For none of the landsmen know),
And to tell it you right, you must go a'starn
Two hundred years or so.

* * * * * *

"The waves were lapping and slapping
The same as they are to-day;
And Drake lay dying aboard his ship
In Nombre Dios Bay.

"The scent of the foreign flowers
Came floating all around;
'But I'd give my soul for the smell o' the pitch,'
Says he, 'in Plymouth Sound.

"'What shall I do,' says he,
'When the guns begin to roar,
An' England wants me, and me not there
To shatter 'er foes once more?'

"'You must take my drum,' he says,
'To the old sea-wall at home;
And if ever you strike that drum,' he says,
'Why, strike me blind, I'll come!

"'If England needs me, dead
Or living, I'll rise that day!
I'll rise from the darkness under the sea
Ten thousand miles away.'

* * * * * *

"They lowered him down in the deep,
And there in the sunset light
They boomed a broadside over his grave,
As meanin' to say, 'Good-night.'

"They sailed away in the dark
To the dear little isle they knew;
And they hung his drum by the old sea-wall
The same as he told them to.

* * * * * *

"Two hundred years went by,
And the guns began to roar,
And England was fighting hard for her life,
As ever she fought of yore.

"'It's only my dead that count,'
She said, as she says to-day;
'It isn't the ships and it isn't the guns
'Ull sweep Trafalgar's Bay.'

"D'you guess who Nelson was?
You may laugh, but it's true as true!
There was more in that pore little chawed-up chap
Than ever his best friend knew.

* * * * * *

"But—ask of the Devonshire men;
For they heard in the dead of night
The roll of a drum, and they saw *him* pass
On a ship all shining white.

"He stretched out his dead cold face
And he sailed in the grand old way!
The fishes had taken an eye and an arm,
But he swept Trafalgar's Bay.

"Nelson—was Francis Drake!
O, what matters the uniform,
Or the patch on your eye, or your pinned-up sleeve,
If your soul's like a North Sea storm?"

ALFRED NOYES.

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DRAKE'S DRUM

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas;
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
And dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand miles away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',—
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake lies in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

By permission, Newbolt, COLLECTED POEMS, *Thomas Nelson & Sons.*

THE FLEETS

Are you out with the fleets through the long, dark night,
Admiral Drake?
Are you keeping watch, when with never a light
They patrol the seas and wait for a fight?

In that far South Sea were you standing by,
Admiral Drake?
Did your masthead catch that wireless cry?
Did you in sorrow watch them die?

HEROES

Once more at the guns do your gunners strain,
Admiral Drake?
Do their voices ring o'er the decks again,
"Have at them, boys!" in the old refrain?

When the shining death leaps through the wave,
Admiral Drake,
Are your boats all out in a rush to save?
Do you stand to salute the death of the brave?

Are there others out on the heaving blue,
Admiral Drake?
Are Collingwood, Blake and Nelson, too,
In their high-decked ships, along with you?

Oh, seamen of old, the shadowy gates
Swing wide to let you through,
And out o'er the seas your galleons sweep
To fight for the flag anew.

M. G. Meugens.

By permission, Country Life, *London.*

IMMORTALITY

Battles nor songs can from oblivion save,
But Fame upon a white deed loves to build:
From out that cup of water Sidney gave,
Not one drop has been spilled.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

By permission, Reese, A Handful of Lavender, *Thomas B. Mosher.*

BONNY DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee."

* * * * * *

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was crammed,
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted guillies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes:
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

"There's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee;
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!"

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the men,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

GILLESPIE

Riding at dawn, riding alone,
Gillespie left the town behind;
Before he turned by the Westward road
A horseman crossed him, staggering blind.

"The Devil's abroad in false Vellore,
The Devil that stabs by night," he said,
"Women and children, rank and file,
Dying and dead, dying and dead."

Without a word, without a groan,
Sudden and swift Gillespie turned,
The blood roared in his ears like fire,
Like fire the road beneath him burned.

He thundered back to Arcot gate,
He thundered up through Arcot town,
Before he thought a second thought
In the barrack yard he lighted down.

"Trumpeter, sound for the Light Dragoons,
Sound to saddle and spur," he said;
"He that is ready may ride with me,
And he that can may ride ahead."

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
Behind him went the troopers grim,
They rode as ride the Light Dragoons
But never a man could ride with him.

Their rowels ripped their horses' sides,
Their hearts were red with a deeper goad,
But ever alone before them all
Gillespie rode, Gillespie rode.

Alone he came to false Vellore,
The walls were lined, the gates were barred;
Alone he walked where the bullets bit,
And called above to the Sergeant's Guard:

"Sergeant, Sergeant, over the gate,
Where are your officers all?" he said;
Heavily came the Sergeant's voice,
"There are two living and forty dead."

"A rope, a rope," Gillespie cried:
They bound their belts to serve his need;
There was not a rebel behind the wall
But laid his barrel and drew his bead.

There was not a rebel among them all
But pulled his trigger and cursed his aim,
For lightly swung and rightly swung
Over the gate Gillespie came.

He dressed the line, he led the charge,
They swept the wall like a stream in spate,
And roaring over the roar they heard
The galloper guns that burst the gate.

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
The troopers rode the reeking flight:
The very stones remember still
The end of them that stab by night.

They've kept the tale a hundred years,
They'll keep the tale a hundred more:
Riding at dawn, riding alone,
Gillespie came to false Vellore.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

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SANTA FILOMENA

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
  Our hearts, in glad surprise,
  To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
  And lifts us unawares
  Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
  And by their overflow
  Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
  The trenches cold and damp,
  The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
  The cheerless corridors,
  The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
  Pass through the glimmering gloom,
  And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
  Her shadow, as it falls
  Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

By permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., from Longfellow's COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

(Or the British Soldier in China)

Last night among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.

To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered and alone,
A heart with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord or axe or flame,
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

For Kentish hopfields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door
In gray soft eddyings hung;
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself so young?

Yes, honor calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by;
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
Vain those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England keep untamed
The strong heart of her sons;
So let his name through Europe ring,—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

THE GRENADIER'S GOOD-BYE

When Lieut. Murray fell, the only words he spoke were: "Forward, Grenadiers!"—Press Telegram.

Here they halted, here once more
Hand from hand was rent;
Here his voice above the roar
Rang, and on they went.
Yonder out of sight they crossed,
Yonder died the cheers;
One word lives where all is lost—
"Forward, Grenadiers!"

This alone he asked of fame,
This alone of pride;
Still with this he faced the flame,
Answered Death, and died.
Crest of battle sunward tossed,
Song of the marching years,
This shall live though all be lost—
"Forward, Grenadiers!"

HENRY NEWBOLT.

POEMS: NEW AND OLD, *John Murray, London.*

KITCHENER

No man in England slept, the night he died;
The harsh, stern spirit passed without a pang,
And free of mortal clogs his message rang.
In every wakeful mind the challenge cried:
Think not of me; one servant less or more
Means nothing now; hold fast the greater thing—
Strike hard, love truth, serve England and the King!

Servant of England, soldier to the core,
What does it matter where his body fall?
What does it matter where they build the tomb?
Five million men, from Calais to Khartoum,
These are his wreath and his memorial.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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SONGS FOR A LITTLE HOUSE, *Christopher Morley.*
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KITCHENER'S MARCH

Not the muffled drums for him,
  Nor the wailing of the fife.
Trumpets blaring to the charge
  Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
  Be the feet of marching men.
Let his heart a thousandfold
  Take the field again!

Of his patience, of his calm,
Of his quiet faithfulness,
England, raise your hero's cairn!
He is worthy of no less.
Stone by stone, in silence laid,
Singly, surely, let it grow.
He whose living was to serve
Would have had it so.

There's a body drifting down
For the mighty sea to keep.
There's a spirit cannot die
While a heart is left to leap
In the land he gave his all,
Steel alike to praise and hate.
He has saved the life he spent—
Death has struck too late.

Not the muffled drums for him,
Nor the wailing of the fife.
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men.
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again!

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

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COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now we must pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead;
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone? "—
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

By permission, Miller, POEMS, *Harr Wagner Publishing Co.*

THE FIRST AMERICAN SAILORS

Five fearless knights of the first renown
In Elizabeth's array,
From Plymouth in Devon sailed up and down—
American sailors they;
Who went to the West,
For they all knew best
Where the silver was grey
As a moonlight night
And the gold as bright
As a midsummer day—
A-sailing away
Through the salt sea spray,
The first American sailors.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, he was *one*
And Devon was heaven to him;
He loved the sea as he loved the sun
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!
In Holland the Spanish hide he tanned,
He roughed and routed their braggart band,
And God was with him on sea as on land;
Newfoundland knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From near the Equator away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Sir Francis Drake, and he was *two*
And Devon was heaven to him;
He loved in his heart the waters blue
And he hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!
At Cadiz he singed the King's black beard,
The Armada met him and fled—afeared,
Great Philip's golden fleece he sheared;
Oregon knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues on leagues, and reach on reach,
From California away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Sir Walter Raleigh, he was *three*
And Devon was heaven to him;
There was nothing he loved so well as the sea—
He hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
He hated him up to the brim!
He settled full many a Spanish score;
Full many's the banner his bullets tore
On English, American, Spanish shore;
Guiana knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From Guiana northward to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Sir Richard Grenville, he was *four*
And Devon was Heaven to him;
He loved the waves and their windy roar
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!
He whipped him on land and mocked him at sea,
He laughed to scorn his sovereignty,
And with his *Revenge* beat his fifty-three;
Virginia knew him and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From the old Dominion away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

And Sir John Hawkins he was *five*
And Devon was Heaven to him;
He worshipped the water while he was alive
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!
He chased him over the Spanish Main,
He scoffed and defied the navies of Spain—
Her cities he ravished again and again;
The Gulf it knew him and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From the Rio Grande away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Five fearless knights have filled gallant graves
This many and many a day,
Some under the willows, some under the waves—
American sailors they;
And still in the West
Is their valour blest,
Where a banner bright
With the ocean's blue
And the red wracks hue
And the spoondrift's white,
Is smiling to-day
Through the salt sea spray
Upon American sailors.

WALLACE RICE.

By permission, Scollard & Rice, BALLADS OF VALOR AND VICTORY, *Fleming H. Revell.*

MOLLIE PITCHER

'Twas hurry and scurry at Monmouth town,
For Lee was beating a wild retreat;
The British were riding the Yankees down,
And panic was pressing on flying feet.

Galloping down like a hurricane
Washington rode with his sword swung high,
Mighty as he of the Trojan plain
Fired by a courage from the sky.

"Halt, and stand to your guns!" he cried.
And a bombardier made swift reply.
Wheeling his cannon into the tide,
He fell 'neath the shot of a foeman nigh.

Mollie Pitcher sprang to his side,
Fired as she saw her husband do.
Telling the king in his stubborn pride
Women like men to their homes are true.

Washington rode from the bloody fray
Up to the gun that a woman manned.
"Mollie Pitcher, you save the day,"
He said, as he gave her a hero's hand.

He named her sergeant with manly praise,
While her war-brown face was wet with tears—
A woman has ever a woman's ways,
And the army was wild with cheers.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

By permission of Miss Sherwood.

DEFEAT AND VICTORY

Through the clangor of the cannon,
Through the combat's wreck and reek,
Answer to th' o'ermastering *Shannon*
Thunders from the *Chesapeake;*
Gallant Lawrence, wounded, dying,
Speaks with still unconquered lip
Ere the bitter draught he drinks:—
Keep the Flag flying!
Fight her till she strikes or sinks!
Don't give up the ship!

Still that voice is sounding o'er us,
So bold Perry heard it call;
Farragut has joined its chorus;
Porter, Dewey, Wainwright—all
Heard the voice of duty crying.
Deathless word from dauntless lip
That our past and future links:—
Keep the Flag flying!
Fight her till she strikes or sinks!
Don't give up the ship!

WALLACE RICE.

By permission of the AUTHOR.

FARRAGUT

(Mobile Bay, 5 August, 1864)

Farragut, Farragut,
Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke,

Watches the hoary mist
  Lift from the bay,
Till his flag, glory-kissed,
  Greets the young day.

Far, by gray Morgan's walls,
  Looms the black fleet;
Hark! deck to rampart calls
  With the drums' beat.
Buoy your chains overboard,
  While the steam hums;
Men! to the battlement,
  Faragut comes.

See, as the hurricane
  Hurtles in wrath
Squadrons of clouds amain
  Back from its path!
Back to the parapet,
  To the guns' lips,
Thunderbolt Farragut
  Hurls the black ships.

Now through the battle's roar
  Clear the boy sings,—
"By the mark fathoms four,"
  While his lead swings.
Steady the wheelmen five
  "Nor' by East keep her,"
"Steady," but two alive:
  How the shells sweep her!

Lashed to the mast that sways
  Over red decks,
Over the flame that plays
  Round the torn wrecks,
Over the dying lips
  Framed for a cheer,
Farragut leads his ships,
  Guides the line clear.

On by heights cannon-browed,
  While the spars quiver;
Onward still flames the cloud
  Where the hulks shiver.
See, yon fort's star is set,
  Storm and fire past.
Cheer him, lads—Farragut,
  Lashed to the mast.

Oh! while Atlantic's breast
  Bears a white sail,
While the Gulf's towering crest
  Tops a green vale,
Men thy bold deeds shall tell
  Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
  Thunderbolt stroke!

WILLIAM TUCKEY MEREDITH.

By permission, Century Company.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thunder'd along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester roll'd
The roar of that red sea uncontroll'd,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretch'd away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,

* * * * * *

The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strain'd to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flow'd,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dash'd down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat check'd its course there, because
The sight of the master compell'd it to pause.

With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play
He seem'd to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day."
Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!

And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,

The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

By permission, Read, POEMS, *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led us to Victory!

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air,
Beneath Virginia's sky;
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where the sword led they would dare
To follow and to die.

Out of its scabbard! never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
That sword might victor be;
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of the noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN.

From FATHER RYAN'S POEMS.

Copyright, P. J. KENEDY & SONS.

KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES

(May 31, 1862)

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,—
That story of Kearny who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

At Washington, D. C.

Straight soars to heaven the white magnificence,—
Free as man's thought, high as one lonely name.
True image of his soul,—serene, immense,—
Mightiest of monuments and mightiest fame.

—*Richard Watson Gilder,*

Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,—
No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole line.

When the battle went, and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound;
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder,—
His sword waved us on and we answered the sign:
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder,
"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten
In the one hand still left,—and the reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,
Asking where to go in,—through the clearing or pine?
"O, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel:
You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

O, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!

Yet we dream that he still,—in that shadowy region
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign,—
Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is Forward! along the whole line.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

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RIDING WITH KILPATRICK

(Brandy Station, June 17, 1863)

Dawn peered through the pines as we dashed at the ford;
Afar the grim guns of the infantry roared;
There were miles yet of dangerous pathway to pass,
And Moseby might menace, and Stuart might mass;
But we mocked every doubt, laughing danger to scorn,
As we quaffed with a shout from the wine of the morn;
Those who rode with Kilpatrick to valor were born!

How we chafed at delay! How we itched to be on!
How we yearned for the fray where the battle-reek shone!
It was *forward,* not *halt,* stirred the fire in our veins,
When our horses' feet beat to the clink of the reins;
It was *charge,* not *retreat,* we were wonted to hear;
It was *charge,* not *retreat,* that was sweet to the ear;
Those who rode with Kilpatrick had never felt fear!

At last the word came, and troop tossed it to troop;
Two squadrons deployed with a falcon-like swoop;
While swiftly the others in echelons formed,
For there, just ahead, was the line to be stormed.

The trumpets rang out; there were guidons ablow;
The white summer sun set our sabres aglow;
Those who rode with Kilpatrick charged straight at the foe!

We swept like the whirlwind; we closed; at the shock
The sky seemed to reel and the earth seemed to rock.
Steel clashed upon steel with a deafening sound,
While a redder than rose-stain encrimsoned the ground.
If we gave back a space from the fierce pit of hell,
We were rallied again by a voice like a bell;
Those who rode with Kilpatrick rode valiantly well!

Rang sternly his orders from out of the wrack:
Re-form there, New Yorkers! You, Harris Light, back!
Come on, men of Maine! we will conquer or fall!
Now, forward, boys, forward, and follow me, all!
A Bayard in boldness, a Sidney in grace,
A lion to lead, and a stag-hound to chase—
Those who rode with Kilpatrick looked Death in the face!

Though brave were our foemen, they faltered and fled;
Yet that was no marvel when such as he led!
Long ago, long ago, was that desperate day!
Long ago, long ago, strove the Blue and the Gray!
Praise God that the red sun of battle is set!
That our hand-clasp is loyal and loving—and yet
Those who rode with Kilpatrick can never forget!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

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LITTLE GIFFEN

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)
Spectre! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said;
Little the doctor can help the dead!
So we took him; and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed,—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,—
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton "learned to write."
"Dear mother," at first, of course; and then
"Dear captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnson pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;

HEROES

A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight;
But none of Giffen.—He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

FRANCIS ORRAY TICKNOR.

The Poems of Francis Orray Ticknor. Edited and collected by his granddaughter, Miss Michelle Cutliff Ticknor. Copyrighted, 1911, by The Neale Publishing Co., New York.

READY

Loaded with gallant soldiers,
A boat shot in to the land,
And lay at the right of Rodman's Point,
With her keel upon the sand.

Lightly, gayly, they came to shore,
And never a man afraid;
When sudden the enemy opened fire
From his deadly ambuscade.

Each man fell flat on the bottom
Of the boat; and the captain said:
"If we lie here, we all are captured,
And the first who moves is dead!"

Then out spoke a negro sailor—
No slavish soul had he:
"Somebody's got to die, boys,
And it might as well be me!"

Firmly he rose, and fearlessly
Stepped out into the tide;
He pushed the vessel safely off,
Then fell across her side:

Fell, pierced by a dozen bullets,
As the boat swung clear and free;
But there wasn't a man of them there that day
Who was fitter to die than he!

PHOEBE CARY.

By permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., from Cary's POEMS.

WHEELER AT SANTIAGO

Into the thick of the fight he went, pallid and sick and wan,
Borne to the front in an ambulance, a ghostly wisp of a man;
But the fighting soul of a fighting man, approved in the long ago,
Went to the front in that ambulance—and the body of Fighting Joe!

Out from the front they were coming back, smitten of Spanish shells—
Wounded boys from the Vermont hills and the Alabama dells.
"Put them into the ambulance; I'll ride to the front," he said.
And he climbed to the saddle and rode right on, that little old ex-Confed.

From end to end of the long blue ranks rose up the ringing cheers,
And many a powder-blackened face was furrowed with sudden tears,
As with flashing eyes and gleaming sword, and hair and beard of snow,
Into the hell of shot and shell rode little old Fighting Joe!

Sick with fever and racked with pain, he could not stay away,
For he heard the song of the yester-year in the deep-mouthed cannon's bay—
He heard in the calling song of the guns there was work for him to do,
Where his country's best blood splashed and flowed 'round the old Red, White, and Blue!

Fevered body and hero heart! this Union's heart to you
Beats out in love and reverence—and to each dear boy in blue
Who stood or fell 'mid the shot and shell, and cheered in the face of the foe,
As wan and white, to the heart of the fight rode little old Fighting Joe!

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON.

By permission, NEW YORK SUN.

CUB SAWBONES

When we marched away with the starry flag,
Cub Sawbones carried his surgeon's bag;
But for me—I wanted no "rear" in mine;
I shouldered a gun in the fighting line.

So when we had charged up the deadly glade
Where the dons were lying in ambuscade,
I was there to take what the others got—
And the Spaniards gave it, plenty and hot.

There fell of our crowd in the Mauser hail
A third—yet never a man did quail,
But—well, we went back—then came again
And settled right down to our work like men.

In open order and firing at will,
We crawled through a very rough skirmish drill—
From the trees to the rocks, from the rocks to the trees,
Just as close to the ground as we could freeze.

When I noted a tangled thicket sway
In front about twenty-five yards away,
I halted, made ready to loosen a storm—
Till I caught a whiff of iodoform.

Cub Sawbones, alone with the wounded folk,
Was cobbling the limbs that the bullets broke;
He bent to his task with the tenderest care,
Though the war-bolts were hissing everywhere.

I hailed him with our old college yell—
He grinned, as he watched a bursting shell.
"You have a great nerve to be here," he said,
"When you're not a doctor—or wounded—or dead!"

ROBERT CHARLES FORNERI.

By permission, NEW YORK SUN.

THE DEED OF LIEUTENANT MILES

When you speak of dauntless deeds,
When you tell of stirring scenes,
Tell this story of the isles
Where the endless summer smiles—
Tell of young Lieutenant Miles
In the far-off Philippines!

'Twas the Santa Ana fight!—
All along the Tagal line
From the thickets dense and dire
Gushed the fountains of their fire;
You could mark their rifles' ire,
You could hear their bullets whine.

Little wonder there was pause!
Some were wounded, some were dead;
"Call Lieutenant Miles!" He came,
In his eyes a fearless flame.
"Yonder blockhouse is our aim!"
The battalion leader said.

"You must take it—how you will;
You must break this damned spell!"
"Volunteers!" cried Miles. 'Twas vain,
For that narrow tropic lane
'Twixt the bamboo and the cane
Was a very lane of hell.

There were five stood forth at last;
God above, but they were men!
"Come!" exultantly he saith—

Did they falter? Not a breath!
Down the path of hurling death
The Lieutenant led them then.

Two have fallen—now a third!
Forward dashed the other three;
In the onrush of that race
Ne'er a swerve or stay of pace.
And the Tagals—dare they face
Such a desperate company?

Panic gripped them by the throat—
Every Tagal rifleman;
And as though they seemed to see
In those charging foemen three
An avenging destiny,
Fierce and fast and far they ran.

So a salvo for the six!
So a round of ringing cheers!
Heroes of the distant isles
Where the endless summer smiles—
Gallant young Lieutenant Miles
And his valiant volunteers!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

By permission, Scollard & Rice, BALLADS OF VALOR AND VICTORY, *Fleming H. Revell Co.*

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

(At Washington, D. C.)

Straight soars to heaven the white magnificence,—
Free as man's thought, high as one lonely name.
True image of his soul—serene, immense—
Mightiest of monuments and mightiest fame.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

By permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co. and THE OUTLOOK.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

(Abraham Lincoln, died April 15, 1865)

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won:

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

By permission, Whitman, LEAVES OF GRASS, *Doubleday, Page & Co*

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;

And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal vail.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
With the fine gestures of a kingly soul,

He built the rail-pile and he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

By permission of the AUTHOR, *from* LINCOLN *and* OTHER POEMS.

MR. VALIANT PASSES OVER

(January 6, 1919)

When the Post came and told him that at last
The pitcher that so faithfully and long
Had served his fellow-creatures in their thirst
Was broken at the fountain, Valiant said:
"I am going to my Father's; and, although
Not easily I came to where I am,
My pains upon the journey were well spent.
My sword I give to him who shall succeed
My pilgrim steps upon the Royal Road;
My courage and my skill I leave to him

Who can attain them—but my marks and scars
I carry with me for my King to see
As witness of his battles that I fought."
As he went down into the river, many
Stood on the bank, and heard him say, "O death,
Where is thy sting?" And as the water grew
Deeper—"O grave, where is thy victory?"
So he passed over, and the trumpets all
Sounded for him upon the other side.

John Bunyan, did you laugh in paradise
For joy to-day, to see your dream come true?

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

By permission, THE OUTLOOK.

ARNOLD WINKELRIED

"*Make way for liberty!*" *he cried;*
Made way for liberty, and died!
In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frame should wear;

* * * * * *

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their native land:
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;

* * * * * *

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burnt within,
The battle trembled to begin:
Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed.
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet;—
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanging chains above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power;
All Switzerland is in the field:
She will not fly, she cannot yield—
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the number she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.
It did depend on *one*, indeed:
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;

And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done;
The field was in a moment won;—
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried:
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried:
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all;—
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for Liberty!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BELGIUM, THE BAR-LASS

The night was still. The King sat with the Queen.
She sang. Her maidens spun. A peaceful scene.

Sudden, wild echoes shake the castle wall.
Their foes come crashing through the outer hall.

They rush like thunder down the gallery floor. . . .
. . . Someone has stolen the bolt that bars the door!

No pin to hold the loops, no stick, no stave,
Nothing! An open door, an open grave!

Then Catherine Bar-lass thrust her naked arm
(A girl's arm, white as milk, alive and warm)

Right through the loops from which the bolt was gone:
"'Twill hold (said she) until they break the bone—

My King, you have one instant to prepare!"
She said no more, because the thrust was there.

Oft have I heard that tale of Scotland's King,
The Poet, and Kate the Bar-lass. (Men will sing

For aye the deed one moment brings to birth—
Such moments are the ransom of the earth.)

Brave Belgium, Bar-lass of our western world,
Who, when the treacherous Prussian tyrant hurled

His hordes against our peace, thrust a slight hand,
So firm, to bolt our portals and withstand.

Whatever prove the glory of our affray,
Thine arm, thy heart, thine act have won the day!

A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame Duclaux).

The London Times.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect,
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through—
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace,
We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" and, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE MAID OF ECLUSIER

How Marcelle Semner, an orphan of France,
Defended her country without gun or lance,
Is a tale that will make you most firmly aver
She *won* all the honors awarded to her;
For the Legion of Honor and the Croix de la Guerre
With the bravest of France she's entitled to share.

At the Somme the invaders had pushed the French back,
And at Eclusier's drawbridge pressed hot on their track;
But e'er the canal the first Prussian could cross
Marcelle raised the drawbridge high o'er the deep foss;
Far down in its waters the lever she threw
And unharmed from the shots of the enemy flew.

And during the night—for a day waited they
Till their engineers came and built them a way—
In a mine hid the stragglers she found in the street—

For like all the brave French, they were slow in retreat—
And with casks and with bags she filled the old shed,
Safe hiding the entrance through which they had fled.

Clothes, food, and drink, she brought to the mine
Till they could escape within the French line;
But the last—seventeenth—was caught, though the rain
Concealed both till close to the cross-country lane.
When dragged by the sentry to the commandant, she
Was brave as the Maid of Fair Normandy.

And bravely she faced them—and bravely said then:
"I did it for France, and I'll do it again
And again if I'm able. Do what you will,
An orphan maid's naught." And then high and shrill
Her challenge rang out at their threat'ning advance,
"My life would you take? I give it to France."

U. S. Strong.

By permission of the Author.

BABUSHKA

Thou whose sunny heart outglows
Arctic snows;
Russia's hearth-fire, cherishing
Courage almost perishing;
Torch that beacons oversea
Till a world is at thy knee;
Babushka the Belovèd,
What Czar can exile thee?

Sweet, serene, unswerving soul,
To thy goal
Pressing on such mighty pinions
Tyrants quake for their dominions

And devise yet heavier key,
Deeper cell to prison thee,
Babushka the Belovèd,
Thyself art Liberty.

Though thy martyr body, old,
Chains may hold,
Clearer still thy voice goes ringing
Over steppe and mountain, bringing,
Holy mother of the free,
Millions more thy sons to be,
Babushka the Belovèd,
What death can silence thee?

KATHERINE LEE BATES.

By permission, Bates, THE RETINUE, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*

ON LAND AND SEA

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. (*Concord Hymn.*)

By permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co.

The man that is not moved at what he reads,
That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.

COWPER. (*Table Talk.*)

CADORNA'S RETREAT
(1917)

Cold and weary, with sick, dazed brains,
Lashed and numbed by freezing rains,
Fiercely pressed by the German bands—
And little to fight with but poor, bare hands—
Italy's armies, crazed with pain,
Run for their lives on the Lombard plain!

Only a little time ago
They scaled vast heights of frozen snow;
Their stout hearts braved iced peak and crest,
Their arms were reaching toward Trieste.
Strong souls, they strove with might and main—
But now they die on the Lombard plain!

What men could do, they did. But they
Were flesh and blood. Their lips were gray
With deadly cold. They had prayed in need
For men and guns, but who gave heed?
They had called to friends for help in vain—
So they fought with their hands on the Lombard plain!

Dear, brave lads of Italy's lands,
Doing your best with your plucky hands;
Hammered and bent by a savage foe—
Our warm hearts follow wherever you go,
And the world with plaudits will ring again
When you make your stand on the Lombard plain!

ELIZABETH CHANDLEE FORMAN.

By permission, NEW YORK TIMES.

A BALLAD OF ORLEANS
(1429)

The fray began at the middle-gate,
  Between the night and the day;
Before the matin bell was rung
  The foe was far away.
There was no knight in the land of France
  Could gar that foe to flee,
Till up there rose a young maiden,
  And drove them to the sea.

Sixty forts around Orleans town,
  And sixty forts of stone!
Sixty forts at our gates last night—
  To-day there is not one!

Talbot, Suffolk, and Pole are fled
  Beyond the Loire in fear;
Many a captain who would not drink,
  Hath drunken deeply there;
Many a captain is fallen and drowned,
  And many a knight is dead;
And many die in the misty dawn
  While forts are burning red.

The blood ran off our spears all night
  As the rain runs off the roofs;
God rest their souls that fell i' the fight
  Among our horses' hoofs!
They came to rob us of our own
  With sword and spear and lance;
They fell and clutched the stubborn earth,
  And bit the dust of France!

We fought across the moonless dark
  Against their unseen hands—
A knight came out of Paradise
  And fought among our bands.
Fight on, O maiden knight of God,
  Fight on and do not tire—
For lo! the misty break o' the day
  Sees all their forts on fire!

Sixty forts around Orleans town,
  And sixty forts of stone!
Sixty forts at our gates last night—
  To-day there is not one!

MRS. DARMESTETER (A. MARY F. ROBINSON).

POEMS AND BALLADS, *Murray, London.*

IVRY

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.

* * * * * *

Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating when at the dawn of day
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens and all its rebel peers
And Appenzel's stout infantry and Egmont's Flemish spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurray! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the Golden Lilies—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest;
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish Count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

And then, we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry—"No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

* * * * * *

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne,
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, the Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night;
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre!

MACAULAY.

VERDUN

"They shall not pass!" In dugout and in trench
The phrase was muttered as the poilus fought.
The earth and sky were but a shambles, fraught
With gas and bursting shells and with the drench
Of shrapnel. Yet, in all the battle stench,
'Mid horror heaped on horror past all thought
The thin line stood. A miracle was wrought—
They could not break the will that held the French.

Each human soul must meet its own Verdun,
That crisis when the armies of despair
Attack the fortress in a serried mass;
Not by brute strength may this great fight be won,
But only by the Will that can declare
In face of all Hell's hosts, "They shall not pass!"

BERTON BRALEY.

A BANJO AT ARMAGEDDON, *Berton Braley.*

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BANNOCKBURN

(Robert Bruce's Address to His Army)

* * * * * *

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.

"Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lower,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains! and slaverie!

"Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

"Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Caledonia! on wi' me!

"By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

"Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!"

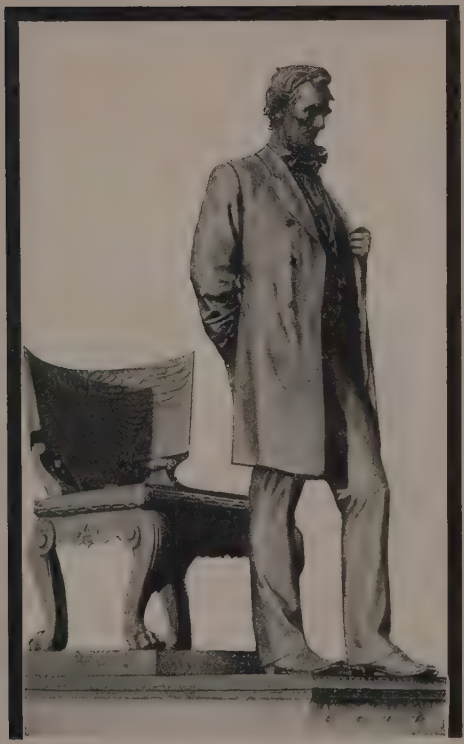
ROBERT BURNS.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE

* * * * * *

The good Lord Douglas paced the deck—
Oh, but his face was wan!
Unlike the flush it used to wear
When in the battle van.

"Come, hither, I pray, my trusty knight,
Sir Simon of the Lee;
There is a freit lies near my soul
I needs must tell to thee.



LINCOLN

And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.
—*Edwin Markham* (p. 110).

"Thou know'st the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day;
How he bade me take his noble heart
And carry it far away;

"And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Saviour trod,
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,
Nor strike one blow for God.

"Last night as in my bed I lay
I dreamed a dreamy dream:
Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand
In the moonlight's quivering beam.

"'Why go ye forth, Lord James,' he said,
'With spear and belted brand?
Why do you take its dearest pledge
From this our Scottish Land?

"'The sultry breeze of Galilee
Creeps through its groves of palm;
The olives on the Holy Mount
Stand glittering in the calm.

"'But 'tis not there that Scotland's heart
Shall rest, by God's decree,
Till the great angel calls the dead
To rise from earth and sea!

"'Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede!
That heart shall pass once more
In the fiery fight against the foe,
As it was wont of yore.

" ' And it shall pass beneath the Cross,
And save King Robert's vow;
But other hands shall bear it back,
Not, James of Douglas, thou.'

" Now, by the kingly faith, I pray,
Sir Simon of the Lee—
For truer friend had never man
Than thou hast been to me—

" If ne'er upon the Holy Land
'Tis mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth
The relics of her dead."

The tear was in Sir Simon's eye
As he wrung the warrior's hand—
" Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll hold by thy command.

" But if in battle front, Lord James,
'Tis ours once more to ride,
Nor force of man, nor craft of friend,
Shall cleave me from thy side! "

And aye we sailed, and aye we sailed,
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee.

* * * * * *

" Why sounds yon Eastern music here
So wantonly and long;
And whose the crowd of armed men
That round yon standard throng? "

"The Moors have come from Africa
To spoil, and waste, and slay,
And King Alonzo of Castile
Must fight with them to-day."

"Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,
"Shall never be said of me,
That I and mine have turned aside
From the Cross in jeopardie!

"Have down, have down, my merry men all;
Have down unto the plain;
We'll let the Scottish lion loose
Within the fields of Spain!"

* * * * * *

"True pilgrims we, by land or sea,
Where danger bars the way;
And therefore are we here, Lord King,
To ride with thee this day!"

The King has bent his stately head,
And the tears were in his eyne—
"God's blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine!

"I know thy name full well, Lord James;
And honoured may I be,
That those who fight beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me!

"Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain!"

The Douglas turned toward us then;
Oh, but his glance was high!
"There is not one of all my men
But is as frank as I.

"There is not one of all my knights
But bears as true a spear—
Then—onwards, Scottish gentlemen,
And think King Robert's here!"

* * * * * *

But in behind our path they closed,
Though vain to let us through;
For they were forty thousand men,
And we were wondrous few.

* * * * * *

"Now, Jesu help thee," said Lord James,
"Thou kind and true Saint Clair!
An' if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there!"

Then in his stirrups up he stood,
So lionlike and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft
All in its case of gold.

He flung it from him far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But—"Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore!"

* * * * * *

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
And swept away the Moor.

* * * * * *

"There lies above his master's heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim;
And woe, that I am living man,
Not lying there by him!

* * * * * *

"And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,
For this I tell thee sure,
The sod that drank the Douglas' blood
Shall never bear the Moor!"

* * * * * *

We lifted then the good Lord James,
And the priceless heart he bore;
And heavily we steered our ship
Towards the Scottish shore.

No welcome greeted our return,
Nor clang of martial tread;
But all were dumb and hushed as death
Before the mighty dead.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose;
And woeful men were we that day—
God grant their souls repose!

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN

News of battle!—news of battle!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street;
And the archways and the pavement
Hear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle! Who hath brought it?
News of triumph? Who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant king?

All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the open war.
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky—
Fearful lights that never beckon
Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
"*Warder—warder! open quickly!*
Man—is this a time to wait?"
All the heavy gates are opened:
Then a murmur long and loud,
Then a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.

For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man;
And his weary steed is wounded
And his cheek is pale and wan.

Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
What! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band?

* * * * * *

Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud:
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying: "That is all I bring ye
From the harvest in the land.

"Ay! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe."

* * * * * *

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS.

SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true;
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.
And have they fixed the where and when,
And shall Trelawney die?

Then twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why.
What! will they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen?
And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand underground
Will know the reason why.

Out spake the captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
"Though London's Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawney free.
We'll cross the Tamar hand to hand,
The Exe shall be no stay;
We'll side by side from strand to strand,
And who shall bid us nay?
What! will they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen?
And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why.

"And when we come to London wall
We'll shout with it in view,
'Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all!
We're better men than you!
Trelawney, he's in keep and hold,
Trelawney, he may die;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why!'
What! will they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen?
And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand underground
Will know the reason why."

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

HENRY V TO HIS TROOPS

* * * * * *

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height! On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fed from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even, fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument;
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war.

And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry: "God for Harry, England, and St. George!"

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. (*Henry V.*)

ADMIRALS ALL

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Here's to the bold and free!
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hail to the Kings of the Sea!
Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
With the galleons fair in sight;
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight.
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
Since holidays first began:
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to the sack;

He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
And harried his ships to wrack.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came;
But he said, "They must wait their turn, good souls,"
And he stooped, and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two;
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled
And the colors aloft he flew.
"I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
"And I'll sink with a right good will;
For I know when we're all of us under the tide,
My flag will be fluttering still."

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the sound:
"Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
Said he, "for a thousand pound!"
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head;
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye
And "I'm damned if I see it," he said.

Admirals all, they said their say
(The echoes are ringing still);
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill.
But they left us a kingdom none can take,
The realm of the circling sea,
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake
And the Rodneys yet to be.

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

HENRY NEWBOLT.

By permission, Newbolt, COLLECTED POEMS, *Thomas Nelson & Sons.*

SEA BALLAD

"How many?" said our good Captain.
"Twenty sail and more."
We were homeward bound,
Scudding in a gale with our jib towards the Nore.
Right athwart our tack,
The foe came thick and black,
Like Hell-birds and foul weather—you might count them by the score.

The Betsy Jane did slack
To see the game in view.
They knew the Union Jack,
And the tyrant's flag we knew!
Our Captain shouted, "Clear the decks!" and the Bo'sun's whistle blew.

Then our gallant Captain,
With his hand he seiz'd the wheel,
And pointed with his stump to the middle of the foe.
"Hurrah, lads, in we go!"
(You should hear the British cheer,
Fore and aft.)

"There are twenty sail," sang he,
"But little Betsy Jane bobs to nothing on the sea!"
(You should hear the British cheer,
Fore and aft.)

"See yon ugly craft
With the pennon at her main!
Hurrah, my merry boys,
There goes the Betsy Jane!"
(You should hear the British cheer,
Fore and aft.)

The foe, he beats to quarters, and the Russian bugles sound;
And the little Betsy Jane she leaps upon the sea.
"Port and starboard!" cried our Captain;
"Pay it in, my hearts!" sang he.

"We're old England's sons,
And we'll fight for her to-day!"
(You should hear the British cheer,
Fore and aft.)
"Fire away!"
In she runs,
And her guns
Thunder round.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

THE REVENGE

(A Ballad of the Fleet)

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then swore Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all the sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,

And they blest him in their pain, that they were not
left to Spain;
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the
Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to
fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came
in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now;
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good Eng-
lish men.
Let us bang those dogs of Seville, the children of the
devil;
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a
hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick
below;
For half their fleet to the right and half to the left were
seen,
And the little Revenge ran on through the long sea-lane
between.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their
decks and laughed,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little
craft

Running on and on, till delayed
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And the battle thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came;

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Though his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck;
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head;
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

* * * * * *

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,
And they manned the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan.
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags,
To be lost evermore in the main.

TENNYSON.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward;
All in the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
  Some one had blunder'd.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
  Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
  Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back; but not,
  Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
  All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
  Noble six hundred.

TENNYSON.

THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA

The charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!—
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and stay'd;
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by
When the points of the Russian lances broke in on the sky;
And he call'd, "Left wheel into line!" and they wheel'd and obey'd.
Then he look'd at the host that had halted he knew not why,
And he turn'd half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound
To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade
To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never die—
"Follow," and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Follow'd the Heavy Brigade.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!
Down the hill, slowly, thousands of Russians
Drew to the valley, and halted at last on the height,
With a wing push'd out to the left, and a wing to the right—
But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he dash'd up alone
Thro' the great gray slope of men,
And he wheel'd his sabre, he held his own
Like an Englishman there and then;

And the three that were nearest him follow'd with force,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made,
Four amid thousands; and up the hill, up the hill
Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

Fell like a cannon shot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crash'd like a hurricane,
Broke thro' the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light!
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for awhile from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right,
And roll'd them around like a cloud,—
O, mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea,
And we turn'd to each other, muttering, all dismay'd,
Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett's Brigade.
But they rode like victors and lords
Thro' the forest of lances and swords
In the heart of the Russian hordes;
They rode, or they stood at bay—
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle and threw
Underfoot there in the fray—

Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;
Till suddenly shock upon shock
Stagger'd the mass from without,
For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
And the Russian surged, and waver'd, and reel'd
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
Over the brow and away.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!

TENNYSON.

THE DEFENSE OF LUCKNOW

Banner of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!
Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee on high
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—
Shot thro' the staff of the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Frail were the words that defended the hold that we held with our lives—
Women and children among us, God help them, our children and wives!
Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.
"Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post!"

Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence, the best
of the brave:
Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him—we laid him
that night in his grave.
"Every man die at his post!" and there hail'd on our
houses and halls
Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their can-
non-balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight
barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket, and death while
we stoopt to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often
there fell
Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot
and their shell.
Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen
were told of our best,
So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that could
think for the rest,
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would
rain at our feet—
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled
us round—
Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth
of a street,
Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and
death in the ground.
Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and creep
thro' the hole!
Keep the revolver in hand! You can hear him—the mur-
derous mole.

Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be thro'.
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before—
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

* * * * * *

Hark! cannonade, fusilade! is it true what was told by the scout?
Outram and Havelock breaking their way thro' the fell mutineers!
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utters a jubilant shout;
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,
Forth from their holes and their hidings our women and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!
Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are saved!—is it you? is it you?
Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!
"Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

TENNYSON.

THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH

Men of the Twenty-first
  Up by the Chalk Pit Wood,
Weak with our wounds and our thirst,
  Wanting our sleep and our food,
After a day and a night—
  God, shall we ever forget!
Beaten and broke in the fight,
  But sticking it—sticking it yet.
Trying to hold the line,
  Fainting and spent and done,
Always the thud and the whine,
  Always the yell of the Hun!
Northumberland, Lancaster, York,
  Durham and Somerset,
Fighting alone, worn to the bone,
  But sticking it—sticking it yet.

Never a message of hope!
  Never a word of cheer!
Fronting Hill 70's shell-swept slope,
  With the dull dead plain in our rear.
Always the whine of the shell,
  Always the roar of its burst,
Always the tortures of hell,
  As waiting and wincing we cursed
Our luck and the guns and the *Boche*,
  When our Corporal shouted, "Stand to!"
And I heard some one cry, "Clear the front
    for the Guards!"
And the Guards came through.

Our throats they were parched and hot;
  But, Lord, if you'd heard the cheers!
Irish and Welsh and Scot,
  Coldstream and Grenadiers.
Two brigades, if you please,
  Dressing as straight as a hem,
We—we were down on our knees,
  Praying for us and for them!
Lord, I could speak for a week,
  But how could you understand?
How should *your* cheeks be wet?
  Such feelin's don't come to *you*.
But when can me or my mates forget,
  When the Guards came through?

"Five yards left extend!"
  It passed from rank to rank.
Line after line with never a bend,
  And a touch of the London swank.
A trifle of swank and dash,
  Cool as a home parade,
Twinkle and glitter and flash,
  Flinching never a shade.
With the shrapnel right in their face,
  Doing their Hyde Park stunt,
Keeping their swing at an easy pace,
  Arms at the trail, eyes front!
Man, it was great to see!
  Man, it was fine to do!
It's a cot and a hospital ward for me,
  But I'll tell 'em in Blighty, wherever I be,
How the Guards came through.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

By permission, THE LONDON TIMES.

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

I saw the spires of Oxford
  As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
  Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
  Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
  The golden years and gay,
The hoary colleges look down
  On careless boys at play,
But when the bugles sounded war
  They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
  The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
  To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
  For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
  Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
  Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
  Than even Oxford town.

WINIFRED M. LETTS.

By permission of E. P. Dutton & Co.

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS

(At Bunker Hill)

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
  Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
  Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're a-fire!
  And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—And will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
  Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, O, where can dust to dust
  Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
  Of his deeds to tell!

John Pierpont.

THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING

Out of the North the wild news came,
  Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
  At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air—
  The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
  The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

* * * * * *

The pastor came; his snowy locks
  Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
  He led into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might,—
"*The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!*"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,

And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

And now before the open door—
The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! War! War!"

"Who dares?"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came,—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I."

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

By permission, Read, POEMS, *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

THE DEFENSE OF THE ALAMO

(March 6, 1836)

Santa Ana came storming, as a storm might come;
There was rumble of cannon; there was rattle of blade;
There was cavalry, infantry, bugle and drum,—
Full seven thousand, in pomp and parade,
The chivalry, flower of Mexico;
And a gaunt two hundred in the Alamo!

And thirty lay sick, and some were shot through;
For the siege had been bitter, and bloody, and long.
"Surrender or die!"—"Men, what will *you* do?"
And Travis, great Travis, drew sword, quick and strong;
Drew a line at his feet. . . . "Will you come? Will you go?
I die with my wounded, in the Alamo."

Then Bowie gasped, "Lead me over that line!"
Then Crockett, one hand to the sick, one hand to his gun,
Crossed with him; then never a word or a sign
Till all, sick or well—all, all save but one,
One man. Then a woman stepped, praying, and slow
Across, to die at her post in the Alamo.

Then that one coward fled, in the night, in that night
When all men silently prayed and thought
Of home; of to-morrow; of God and the right,
Till dawn: and with dawn came Travis's cannon-shot,
In answer to insolent Mexico,
From the old bell-tower of the Alamo.

AS HE WILL BE REMEMBERED

Reproduced by permission, *The New York Times*, January 12, 1919.

Then came Santa Ana; a crescent of flame!
  Then the red escalade; then the fight hand-to-hand;
Such an unequal fight as never had name
  Since the Persian hordes butchered that doomed Spartan band,
All day—all day and all night; and the morning? So slow
Through the battle-smoke mantling the Alamo.

Now silence! Such silence! Two thousand lay dead
  In a crescent outside! And within? Not a breath
Save the gasp of a woman, with gory, gashed head,
  All alone, all alone there, waiting for death;
And she but a nurse. Yet where shall we know
Another like this of the Alamo?

Shout "Victory, victory, victory ho!"
  I say 'tis not always to the hosts that win!
I say that the victory, high or low,
  Is given to the hero that grapples with sin,
Or legion or single just asking to know
When duty fronts death in his Alamo.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

By permission, Miller, POEMS, *Harr Wagner Pub. Co.*

MONTEREY

We were not many—we who stood
  Before the iron shot that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if he but could
  Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot is hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray;
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shouts at Monterey.

And on, still on, our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way:
Where fell the dead the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets at Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on our turrets wave,
And there the evening bugles play,
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

By permission, POEMS, *John C. Winston Co.*

THE GALLANT FIFTY-ONE

Freedom called them—up they rose,
Grasped their swords and showered blows
On the heads of Freedom's foes—
And Freedom's foes alone.
Fate decreed that they should die;
Pitying angels breathed a sigh,
Freedom wildly wept on high,
For the gallant Fifty-one!

There they stood in proud array;
None for mercy there would pray;
None would coward looks betray—
All stood forth with fearless eye,
Showing by their dauntless air
What their noble souls could dare;
Showing to the tyrants there
How freedom's sons could die.
None there strove their fate to shun—
Gallant band of Fifty-one!

Then a voice the stillness broke:
'Twas their gallant leader spoke,
Scorning to receive Death's stroke,
Kneeling humbly on the sod!
Gazing calmly on the dead,
Whose life-blood had just been shed,
Proudly then the words he said,
"Americans kneel but to God!"
Perished thus Kentucky's son—
Leader of the Fifty-one.

Rejoice! sons of Thermopylæ!
Kindred spirits join with thee,
Who fell in fight for Liberty,
For Freedom's sacred name;
Future days their deeds shall tell,
How they nobly fought and fell,
Youthful bosoms proudly swell
At mention of their fame—
Rays of light from Freedom's sun,
Gallant band of Fifty-one!

Honor's rays will ever shed
Glory round their hallowed bed.
Though their hearts are cold and dead,
Though their sands of life have run,
Still their names revered will be
Among the noble and the free—
Glorious sons of Liberty;
Gallant band of Fifty-one!

HENRY LYNDEN FLASH.

POEMS, *copyrighted*, 1906, *by the Neale Publishing Co., New York.*

THE GRAY HORSE TROOP

All alone on the hillside—
Larry an' Barry an' me;
Nothin' to see but the sky an' the plain,
Nothin' to see but the drivin' rain,
Nothin' to see but the painted Sioux
Galloping, galloping: "Whoop—whuroo!
The divil in yellow is down in the mud!"
Sez Larry to Barry, "I'm losin' blood."

" Cheers for the Grays!" yells Barry;
" Second Dragoons!" groans Larry;
" Hurrah! hurrah! for Egan's Gray Troop!
Whoop! ye divils—ye've got to whoop;
Cheer for the troopers who die:" sez I—
" Cheer for the troop that never shall die!"

All alone on the hillside—
Larry an' Barry an' me;
Flat on our bellies, an' pourin' in lead—
Seven rounds left, an' the horses dead—
Barry a-cursin' at every breath;
Larry beside him, as white as death;
Indians galloping, galloping by,
Wheelin' and squealin' like hawks in the sky!

" Cheers for the Grays!" yells Barry;
" Second Dragoons!" groans Larry;
" Hurrah! hurrah! for Egan's Gray Troop!
Whoop! ye divils—ye've got to whoop;
Cheer for the troopers who die:" sez I—
" Cheer for the troop that never shall die!"

All alone on the hillside—
Larry an' Barry an' me;
Two of us livin' and one of us dead—
Shot in the head, and God!—how he bled!
" Larry's done up," sez Barry to me;
" Divvy his cartridges! Quick! gimme three!"
While nearer an' nearer an' plainer in view,
Galloped an' galloped the murderin' Sioux.

" Cheers for the Grays!" yelled Barry;
" Cheer—" an' he falls on Larry.
Alas! alas! for Egan's Gray Troop!

The Red Sioux, hovering, stoop to swoop;
Two out of three lay dead, while I
Cheered for the troop that never shall die.

All alone on the hillside—
Larry an' Barry an' me;
An' I fired an' yelled till I lost my head,
Cheerin' the livin', cheerin' the dead,
Swingin' my cap, I cheered until
I stumbled and fell. Then over the hill
There floated a trumpeter's silvery call,
An' Egan's Gray Troop galloped up, that's all.

Drink to the Grays,—an' Barry!
Second Dragoons,—an' Larry!
Here's a bumper to Egan's Gray Troop!
Let the crape on the guidons droop;
Drink to the troopers who die, while I
Drink to the troop that shall never die!

ROBERT WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

By permission, Chambers, WITH THE BAND, *Stone & Kimball.*

THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS

A cheer and salute for the Admiral, and here's to the
Captain bold,
And never forget the Commodore's debt when the deeds
of might are told!
They stand to the deck through the battle's wreck when
the great shells roar and screech—
And never they fear when the foe is near to practice
what they preach:

But off with your hat and three times three for Columbia's true-blue sons—
The men below who batter the foe—the men behind the guns!

* * * * * *

But say not a word till the shot is heard that tells the fight is on;
Till the long, deep roar grows more and more from the ships of "Yank" and "Don;"
Till over the deep the tempests sweep of fire and bursting shell,
And the very air is a mad Despair in the throes of a living hell;
Then down, deep down, in the mighty ship, unseen by the midday suns,
You'll find the chaps who are giving the raps—the men behind the guns!

Oh, well they know how the cyclones blow that they loose from their cloud of death,
And they know is heard the thunder-word their fierce ten-incher saith!
The steel decks rock with the lightning shock, and shake with the great recoil,
And the sea grows red with the blood of the dead and reaches for his spoil—
But not till the foe has gone below or turns his prow and runs,
Shall the voice of peace bring sweet release to the men behind the guns!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

By permission of the AUTHOR.

DYING FOR ONE'S COUNTRY
(Going West)

TRUE PATRIOTISM

* * * * * *

Life would have nothing worth to give
Had men not for their duty died;
True patriots would scorn to live
If they the sacrifice denied.

O ye who love the soul's free air,
Who seek the larger hope, arise!
For truth and justice do and dare!
Who cares to live if Freedom dies?

JAMES TERRY WHITE.

By permission, White, A GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE, *James T. White & Co.*

THE PLACE TO DIE

How little recks it where men die,
When once the moment's past
In which the dim and glazing eye
Has looked on earth its last;
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
The coffined form shall rest,
Or in its nakedness, return
Back to its mother's breast.

The soldier falls 'mid corses piled
Upon the battle-plain,
Where reinless war-steeds gallop wild
Above the gory slain;
But though his corse be grim to see,
Hoof-trampled on the sod,
What recks it when the spirit free
Has soared aloft to God?

* * * * * *

'Twere sweet indeed to close our eyes
With those we cherish near,
And wafted upward by their sighs,
Soar to some calmer sphere;
But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man!

MICHAEL JULAND BARRY.

REQUIEM

When the last voyage is ended,
And the last sail is furled,
When the last blast is weathered,
And the last bolt is hurled,
And there comes no more the sound of the old ship bell—
Sailor, sleep well!

When the Last Post is blown,
And the last volley fired,
When the last sod is thrown,
And the last Foe retired,
And thy last bivouac is made under the ground—
Soldier, sleep sound!

JOSEPH LEE.

Lee, BALLADS OF BATTLE, *John Murray, London.*

TAPS

Sleep
Now that the charge is won,
Sleep in the narrow clod;
Now it is set of sun,
Sleep till the trump of God.
Sleep.

Sleep.
Fame is a bugle call
Blown past a crumbling wall;
Battles are clean forgot;
Captains and towns are not:
Sleep shall outlast them all,
Sleep.

LIZETTE WOOODWORTH REESE.

By permission, Reese, A WAYSIDE LUTE, *Thomas B. Mosher.*

A DEAD SOLDIER

He sleeps at last—a hero of his race.
Dead!—and the night lies softly on his face,
While the faint summer stars, like sentinels,
Hover above his lonely resting-place.

A soldier, yet less soldier than a man,
Who gave to justice what a soldier can,—
The courage of his arm, a patient heart,
And the fire-soul that flamed when wrong began.

Not Cæsar, Alexander, Antonine,
No despot born of the old warrior line,
Napoleons of the sword, whose cruel hands
Caught at the throat of love upon its shrine,—

But one who worshipped in the sweeter years
Those rights that men have gained with blood and tears;
Who led his armies like a priest of men,
And fought his battles with anointed spears.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
  The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
  That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
  Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
  The bivouac of the dead.

* * * * * *

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.

BATTLE

THE GOING

He's gone.
I do not understand.
I only know
That as he turned to go
And waved his hand,
In his young eyes a certain glory shone
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow,
And he was gone.

WILFRED WILSON GIBSON.

By permission, Gibson, COLLECTED POEMS, *Macmillan Co.*

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

(KILLED IN ACTION, JUNE, 1918)

Dead? when the year is still at June?
Dead? when his dial points but noon?
Dead? ere the full of life's crescent moon?
Dead!

L. H. EVERETT.

By permission of the AUTHOR.

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

RUPERT BROOKE.

From the COLLECTED POEMS *of Rupert Brooke.*
Copyright 1915, by JOHN LANE CO.

THE DEAD

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

RUPERT BROOKE.

From the COLLECTED POEMS *of Rupert Brooke.*
Copyright 1915, by JOHN LANE CO.

THE BATTLEFIELD

They dropped like flakes, they dropped like stars,
  Like petals from a rose,
When suddenly across the June
  A wind with fingers goes.

They perished in the seamless grass,—
  No eye could find the place;
But God on his repealless list
  Can summon every face.

EMILY DICKINSON.

By permission, Dickinson, POEMS, *copyright Little, Brown & Co.*

WE SHALL REMEMBER THEM

They sleep beneath no immemorial yews;
  Their resting place no temple arches hem;
No blazoned shaft or graven tablet woos
  Men's praise—and yet, we shall remember them.

DYING FOR ONE'S COUNTRY

The unforgetting clouds shall drop their tears;
The winds in ceaseless lamentation, wail,
For God's white Knights are lying on their biers,
Who vowed their service to restore the Grail.

They gave their lives to make the whole world free;
They recked not to what flag they were assigned,
The Starry Banner, Cross, or Fleur-de-lis—
Their sacrifice was made for all mankind.

For them the task is done, the strife is stilled;
No more shall care disturb, nor zeal condemn;
And when the larger good has been fulfilled,
In coming years we shall remember them.

How can the world their deeds forget? In France
White crosses everywhere lift pallid hands,
Like silent sentinels with sword and lance,
To keep their memory safe for other lands.

What need have they for holy sepulture?
Within the hearts of men is hallowed ground—
A sanctuary where they rest secure,
And with Love's immortality are crowned.

And far-off voices of the future sing,
"They shall remain in memory's diadem";
And winds of promise still are whispering
Through storied years, "We shall remember them."

JAMES TERRY WHITE.

By permission, White, A GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE, *James T. White Co.*

THE SOLDIER'S REST

Soldier rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of battle-field no more;
Sleep the sleep that know not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound réveille.

WALTER SCOTT.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes round with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air.
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath;
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear.
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

ALAN SEEGER.

(Killed in action July, 1916.)

By permission, Seeger, POEMS, *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

FOR ENGLAND

I longed to go to England,
And walk across the downs,
I longed to go to England
To the little English towns
Where all the brave young English hearts
Once lived, for which they died:
I longed to go to England,
I longed to live in England,
I longed to be in England
And share her sorrowing pride.

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

They lived so strong for England,
Those poets, grave and gay,
They died so young for England—
They're dying every day—
The haunting music of their songs
Their braver hearts will tell,
Because they gave for England,
Because they fought for England,
Because they died for England,
And died, oh, none so well!

JULIET WHITON.

By permission, copyright 1918, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

BLAKE'S HOMECOMING

There was sorrow on the sea,
All the way, all the way!
Home we came with fame, but he
Dying, dying all the way.

At Santa Cruz the squadron lay,
At dawn the whisper flew,
"God be thanked we sail to-day!"
Voices sang and trumpets blew,
All the fleet was like a fair,
"Pulley hand, and heave, yo ho!
Ready here and steady there,
Let her go,
Head her northward thro' the bay!"

* * * * * *

"Waken," hear the seaman cry,
"Waken, Captain, England's near!"
Grayer grew the sea and sky,
Nor'west all the land rose clear.
* * * * * *

Dim-eyed, worn with wounds and care,
On the heaving decks sat Blake;
"Tell me where is England, where?"
So he spake,
"Let me see her ere I die!"

Now the Lizard's past, and lo!
All the Cornish hills rise red
In the Autumn's after-glow.
"Heaven," was the one word he said.
"England and not Heaven," we cried.
"'Tis the same," he made reply.
Bonfires blazed out far and wide,
Lit the sky
All the way to Plymouth Hoe!

Fair the wind and swift the tide;
Ah, the English air is sweet!
People shouted, trumpets cried;
Then he rose upon his feet,
Strove to see, but he was blind,
Strove to walk, but force was spent,
Felt upon his face the wind,
Smiled content,
Tasting English air—and died!

Hush the trumpets! Cease the din!
Shores of England, be ye dumb!
He is gone, some port to win
Where your praises cannot come.

On the other side for him
  Blow God's trumpets, clear and far;
See his soul pass, fading dim
  Like a star!
Shores be still! He enters in.

There was glory on the sea,
  All the way, all the way!
Home we came with fame, but he
  Dying, dying all the way.

W. J. Dawson.

From America and Other Poems, *by W. J. Dawson.*
Copyright 1914, by John Lane Co.

MONUMENT ENOUGH

Where I shall fall upon my battle-ground
There may I rest—nor carry me away.
What holier hills could in these days be found
Than hills of France to hold a soldier's clay?
Nor need ye place a cross of wooden stuff
Over my head to mark my age and name;
This very ground is monument enough!
'Tis all I wish of show or outward fame.
Deep in the hearts of fellow countrymen
My fast immortal sepulchre shall be,
Greater than all the tombs of ancient kings.
What matter where my dust shall scatter then?
I shall have served my country oversea
And loved her—dying with a heart that sings.

Ray Gauger.

By permission, The Chicago Tribune.

FOUR EPITAPHS

For a general grave on Vimy Ridge.
You come from England; is she England still?
Yes, thanks to you that died upon this hill.

On some who died early in the eve of battle.
Went the day well? we died and never knew;
But well or ill, England, we died for you.

On those who died at the Battle of Jutland.
Proud we went down, and there content we lie
'Neath English sea if not 'neath English sky.

For a village war-memorial.
Ye that live on 'mid English pastures green,
Remember us, and think what might have been.

J. M. EDMONDS.

By permission, THE LONDON TIMES.

THREE HILLS

There is a hill in England,
Green fields and a school I know,
Where the balls fly fast in summer,
And the whispering elm trees grow—
A little hill, a dear hill,
And the playing fields below.

There is a hill in Flanders,
Heaped with a thousand slain,
Where the shells fly night and noontide
And the ghosts that died in vain—
A little hill, a hard hill,
To the souls that died in pain.

There is a hill in Jewry—
  Three crosses pierce the sky;
On the midmost He is dying
  To save all those who die,
A little hill, a kind hill—
  To the souls in jeopardy.

EVERARD OWEN.

THE LONDON TIMES.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
  As his corse to the rampart we hurried:
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
  O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
  The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
  And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
  Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
  With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
  And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
  And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
  And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
  And we far away on the billow!

DYING FOR ONE'S COUNTRY

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

THE GENERAL'S DEATH

The General dashed along the road
Amid the pelting rain;
How joyously his bold face glowed
To hear our cheers' refrain!

His blue blouse flapped in wind and wet,
His boots were splashed with mire,
But round his lips a smile was set,
And in his eyes a fire.

A laughing word, a gesture kind,—
We did not ask for more,
With thirty weary miles behind,
A weary fight before.

The gun grew light to every man,
  The crossed belts ceased their stress,
As onward to the column's van
  We watched our leader press.

Within an hour we saw him lie,
  A bullet in his brain,
His manly face turned to the sky,
  And beaten by the rain.

JOSEPH O'CONNOR.

By permission, O'Connor, POEMS, *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

KANAWHA MEN

(August, 1918)

The blue hills of Kanawha,
  They stand in bold array
Above the little river
  That carries me away;—
And there are troop-trains passing out
  Across the hills—to-day.

The men of old Kanawha,
  How gayly have they trod
The slopes of those dun hillsides,—
  To them a sacred sod!
And now they fight in far-off France
  For liberty and God.

Dabney, Francis, Forrest! . . .
  Their ways were ours awhile;
And then they manned the trenches
  For many a weary mile;
And faced the final reckoning,
  Unshrinking, with a smile.

DYING FOR ONE'S COUNTRY

O, Blue Hills of Kanawha!
I almost think you yearn
To hold within your bosom
The thrice beloved urn
Of dust, of those Kanawha men,
Who never will return.

GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW.

By permission of the AUTHOR.

BLESS GOD, HE WENT AS SOLDIERS

Bless God, he went as soldiers,
His musket on his breast;
Grant, God, he charge the bravest
Of all the martial blest.

Please God, might I behold him
In epauletted white;
I should not fear the foe then,
I should not fear the fight.

EMILY DICKINSON.

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TWO VIEWS OF WAR

Stirring drums in a sunny street,
A bonnie flag in an azure sky,
A luring melody, tramping feet,
And hope in many an eye.

Death in a still and shadowed room,
A pallid boyish face at rest,
A sunbeam quivering in the gloom,
And woe in a woman's breast.

HENRY ROBINSON PALMER.

By permission, BROWN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

THEY WHO WAIT

Oh, the gold hills of Ireland
The gorse blossoms on
Are all gray with heart-break
Since Michael is gone.

The blue hills of Scotland
Where heather blows gay
Are weary with crying,
For Colin's away;

And who sees, in England,
The daffodils dance?

* * * * * *

Oh, laddie—oh, laddie,
Those red fields of France!

CHARLES BUXTON GOING.

By permission, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

THE BRAVE AT HOME

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,

DYING FOR ONE'S COUNTRY

Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

By permission, Read, POEMS, *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

THE PRINCESS (Selection)

* * * * * *

Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved.
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."
* * * * * *

TENNYSON.

MOURNING

Shall I wear mourning for my soldier dead,
I—a believer? Give me red,
Or give me royal purple for the King
At whose high court my love is visiting.
Dress me in green for growth, for life made new;
For skies his dear feet march, dress me in blue;
In white for his white soul—robe me in gold
For all the pride that his new rank shall hold.
In earth's dim gardens blooms no hue too bright
To dress me for my love who walks in light!

GERTRUDE KNEVELS.

By permission, THE OUTLOOK.

NATIONAL HYMNS AND WAR SONGS

NATIONAL SONGS

When a city's morale the ancients would raise
The poets it was they first summoned for aid;
And if I for a people their ballads could phrase
The laws of that nation I'd care not who made.

Fletcher of Saltoun to the Earl of Montrose, 1703; paraphrased by L. H. Everett.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

When Johnny comes home again, Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, Hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy, Hurrah, hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy, Hurrah, hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee, Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three; Hurrah, hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow;
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

LOUIS LAMBERT.

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
  Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,—
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
  To thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee!
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war wing'd its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe thro' the storm:
With the garland of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But hold to their colors so true;
The army and navy forever!
Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

D. T. Shaw.

HAIL COLUMBIA

Hail Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
  Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
  Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
  Let independence be our boast,
  Ever mindful what it cost;
  Ever grateful for the prize,
  Let its altar reach the skies.
    Firm—united—let us be,
    Rallying round our Liberty;
    As a band of brothers join'd,
    Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
  Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
  Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
  While offering peace sincere and just,
  In Heaven we place a manly trust,
  That truth and justice will prevail,
  And every scheme of bondage fail.
    Firm—united—let us be,
    Rallying round our Liberty;
    As a band of brothers join'd,
    Peace and safety we shall find.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave!
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

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BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make them free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

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DIXIE

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon-fires are lighted,—
Let all hearts be now united!

CHORUS

To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

* * * * * *

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter,
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.

ALBERT PIKE.

TENTING TO-NIGHT

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts praying for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night,
Tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "good-by!"

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
And we'll be brave and true,
And the flag shall float o'er all the land
By the might of boys in blue.

Dying to-night,
Dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp ground.

WALTER KITTREDGE.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

(Written in 1814)

O! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
On the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen, through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream,
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge can save the hireling and slave
From the terror of death and the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that has made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust,"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

THE BLUEBELLS OF SCOTLAND

Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone?
Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done,
And it's oh, in my heart I wish him safe at home.

Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell?
Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue-bell,
And it's oh, in my heart I lo'e my laddie well.

Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?
Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?
Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
For it's oh, my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.

MRS. JAMES GRANT.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER

(Canadian Hymn)

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast and pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
The Maple Leaf forever!

CHORUS

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never!
Our watchword evermore shall be,
The Maple Leaf forever!

Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
May peace forever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound;
And may those ties of love be ours
Which discord can not sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever!

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

On Merry England's far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless Old Scotland ever more,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

ALEXANDER MUIR.

AUSTRALIANS TO THE FRONT

(CAPTAIN COOK HEARS THE DRUMS)

From the Scheldt to the Niemen,
  Hark, the music of the drums!
Not unthrilled the souls of freemen
  When that instant message comes.
Rolling east the wild fantasia
  Stirs the Orient blood to flame;
And the drums call Austral-asia
  And she answers to her name.

Far away from hosts in battle,
  Yet in time with marching feet.
Here and now the war-drums rattle
  In the sun-bright city street.
Horse and foot in martial manner,
  Swift commands, and glances high,
Naked steel and silken banner;
  Thus the ranks go proudly by.

But within the gardens spacious,
Not a stone's throw from the crowd,
One who fronts the landscape gracious
Listens to the war-drums loud.
Beats the eager drummer harder,
And methinks the bronze can hear.
In those eyes a flash of ardor!
On that cheek a noble tear!

Dauntless Captain, did'st thou ever,
With thy sailor-eyes of gray
Searching out from thy endeavor
That sequestered flower-starred bay,
Dream that some day those who love thee
Here would stake their all of worth
For the flag that waved above thee
And the land that gave thee birth?

And the dauntless Captain listens:
Ah, if only he could speak!
But a vagrant raindrop glistens
On that scorched and blistered cheek,
And the faith that does not falter
Still may hear his whisper low:
"*Son, this new land doth not alter*
Britain's breed of long ago."

JOHN SANDES.

SYDNEY DAILY TELEGRAPH, *Australia.*

RULE, BRITANNIA

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain:
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all:
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke:
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak:
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

* * * * * *

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair;
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

JAMES THOMSON.

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious king!
Long live our noble king!
God save the king!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us—
God save the king!

O Lord our God, arise!
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On him our hopes we fix—
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice—
God save the king!

HENRY CAREY (1696-1743).

BELGIAN NATIONAL SONG

(La Brabançonne)

Who'd have believed such self-willed daring,
That his base ends he might attain;
Avid for blood, a prince unsparing,
Bullets on us should rain!
Let it end;
Belgians, be free men,
From Nassau brook no more indignity;
Since grape has torn down the Orange flying
Upon the tree of Liberty.

* * * * * *

Brabanters proud, with hearts courageous,
Who in battle are e'er so brave;
You from Batavia's yoke outrageous
Ball and powder shall save.
At the feet of the Archangel
O'er Brussels then shall your flag float free
And proudly flourish without the Orange,
Upon the tree of Liberty!

And you for whom proud tears are flowing,
'Neath the fierce cannon's fire who fell,
Dead, for a nation all unknowing
Names it should know so well;
'Neath the sod, where we have laid you,
There sleep, ye martyrs, who fought dauntlessly,
In peace there rest, far from the Orange,
Beneath the tree of Liberty!

Translated by Frederick H. Martens.

THE MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe.
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze:
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desoation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe.
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,

And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe.
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

ROUGET DE LISLE.

THE GARIBALDI HYMN
(ITALY)

Come arm ye! Come arm ye!
From vineyards of olives, from grape-mantled bowers,
Where landscapes are laughing in mazes of flowers;
From mountains, all lighted by sapphire and amber,
From cities of marble, from temples and marts,
Arise! all ye valiants! Your manhood proclaiming,
Whilst thunders are meeting, and sabres are flaming,
For honour, for glory, the bugles are sounding,
To quicken your pulses and gladden your hearts.
Then hurl our fierce foeman far from us forever;
The day is dawning, which shall be our own!

Too long cruel tyrants have trampled us under,
The chains they have forged us are riven asunder;
The Scions of Italy rise in defiance,
Her flag nobly flutters where breezes are kind.
To landward and seaward, the Foe shall be broken,
Where Heroes have gathered, where Martyrs have spoken,
And Italy's throne shall be rooted in Freedom,
Whilst Monarch and people are all of one mind:
Then hurl our fierce foemen far from us forever,
The day is dawning which shall be our own!

LUIGI MERCANTINI.

(*Translated by Florence G. Attenborough.*)

SERBIAN NATIONAL SONG

Rise, O Serbians, swift arise!
Lift your banners to the skies,
For your country needs her children,
Fight to make her free.
Rise, O rise, and crush our enemy!
Rise and fight for liberty!

Free the Sav and Duna flow;
Let us, too, unfetter'd go;
O'er the wild Moravian mountains,
Swift shall flow sweet Freedom's fountains,
Down shall sink the foe.
Rise, O rise, and crush our enemy!
Rise, and fight for liberty!

(*Translated by H. F. B.*)

RUSSIAN HYMN

God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening.
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword,
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

H. F. Chorley.

ROUMANIAN NATIONAL SONG

Long live our King in peace,
Long shall his pow'r increase,
Long may he rule o'er us,
Loudly we sing in chorus.
Ruler grand,
Our glorious land
Prays for success for thee;
Evermore,
In peace or war,
Great King, triumphant be.
Oh, Holy Lord, Heavenly Father,
Uphold with Thy might the people,
King and land of Roumania.

V. ALEXANDRI.

POLISH HYMN

Brothers, Poland is in need,
To your standard rally;
Faithful be in word and deed,
God shall be our ally.

REFRAIN

And a hero meritorious,
Will our guide and captain be;
He will render us victorious,
He will grant us liberty.

Our oppressor's wrath to brave,
We will fight or perish:
From his cruel grasp to save
The dear land we cherish.

MY HOMELAND

(National Hymn of Bohemia)

O Homeland mine! O Homeland mine!
Streams are rushing through thy meadows;
'Mid thy rocks sigh fragrant pine groves,
Orchards 'decked in Spring's array,
Scenes of Paradise portray.
And this land of wondrous beauty
Is the Cech land, Homeland mine,
Is the Cech land, Homeland mine.

O Homeland mine! O Homeland mine!
In thy realms dwell, dear to God's heart,
Gentle souls in bodies stalwart.
Clear of mind, they win success;
Courage show when foes oppress:
Such the Cechs, in whom I glory.
Where the Cechs live is my home,
Where the Cechs live is my home.

(*Trans. by V. Pisek.*)

KIMI GA YO

(Japanese)

May our Emp'ror's reign endure,
Through the ages stand secure,
Changeless last, true and fast,
Till the countless years have passed.
May his praise glorious be through endless days!

HOME AND COUNTRY

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;

* * * * * *

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around;
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.

James Montgomery (*Love of Country and of Home*).

HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

* * * * * *

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
The birds, singing gayly, that came at my call—
Give me them!—and the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away;
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

REFRAIN

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebrywhere I roam.
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

All around de little farm I wander'd
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die!

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming,
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

HOME

O Falmouth is a fine town with ships in the bay,
And I wish from my heart it's there I was to-day;
I wish from my heart I was far away from here,
Sitting in my parlour and talking to my dear.

For it's home, dearie, home—it's home I want to be.
Our topsails are hoisted, and we'll away to sea.
O the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken tree,
They're all growing green in the old countree!

In Baltimore a-walking a lady I did meet
With her babe on her arm as she came down the street;
And I thought how I sailed, and the cradle standing ready
For the pretty little babe that has never seen its daddie.

O, if it be a lass, she shall wear a golden ring;
And if it be a lad, he shall fight for his king;
With his dirk and his hat and his little jacket blue
He shall walk the quarter-deck as his daddie used to do.

O, there's a wind a-blowing, a-blowing from the west,
And that of all the winds is the one I like the best;
For it blows at our backs, and it shakes our pennon free,
And it soon will blow us home to the old countree.

For it's home, dearie, home—it's home I want to be.
Our topsails are hoisted, and we'll away to sea.
O the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken tree,
They're all growing green in the old countree.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

POEMS, *David Nutt, London.*

THE RETURN

Though I get home how late, how late!
So I get home, 'twill compensate.
Better will be the ecstasy
That they have done expecting me,
When, night descending, dumb and dark,
They hear my unexpected knock.
Transporting must the moment be,
Brewed from decades of agony!

To think just how the fire will burn,
Just how long-cheated eyes will turn
To wonder what myself will say,
And what itself will say to me,
Beguiles the centuries of way!

EMILY DICKINSON.

By permission, Dickinson, POEMS, *Little, Brown & Co.*

HOMESICK *

O my garden! lying whitely in the moonlight and the dew,
Far across the leagues of distance flies my heart to-night to you,
And I see your stately lilies in the tender radiance gleam,
With a dim, mysterious splendor, like the angels of a dream.

I can see the stealthy shadows creep along the ivied wall,
And the bosky depths of verdure, where the drooping vine leaves fall,
And the tall trees standing darkly with their crowns against the sky,
While overhead the harvest moon goes slowly sailing by.

I can see the trellised arbor, and the roses' crimson glow,
And the lances of the larkspurs, all glittering, row on row,
And the wilderness of hollyhocks, where brown bees seek their spoil,
And butterflies dance all day long in glad and gay turmoil.

O, the broad paths running straightly, north and south, and east and west!
O, the wild grape climbing sturdily to reach the oriole's nest!
O, the bank where wild flowers blossom, ferns nod, and mosses creep,
In a tangled maze of beauty over all the wooded steep.

* *From* BEYOND THE SUNSET, *copyright*, 1909, *by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.*

Just beyond the moonlit garden, I can see the orchard trees,
With their dark boughs overladen, stirring softly in the breeze,
And the shadows on the greensward, and within the pasture bars,
The white sheep huddled quietly beneath the pallid stars.

O my garden! lying whitely in the moonlight and the dew,
Far across the restless ocean flies my yearning heart to you,
And I turn from storied castle, hoary fane, and ruined shrine,
To the dear, familiar pleasaunce where my own white lilies shine.

With a vague, half-startled wonder, if some night in Paradise,
From the battlements of heaven, I shall turn my longing eyes,
All the dim, resplendent spaces, and the mazy star-drifts through,
To my garden, lying whitely in the moonlight and the dew!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

THE WAVES OF BREFFNY

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic on it and many a horse and cart;
But the little sands of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,
And there is glory in it, and terror on the wind;
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal;
But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.

EVA GORE-BOOTH.

By permission, Gore-Booth, THE PERILOUS LIGHT, *Erskine MacDonald, London.*

TARRAS WATER

From the top of Hartsgarth Fell
Runs the Tarras Burn—
Tinkling fall and golden pool—
Through the heather and the fern,
Calling, calling, clear and cool,
Tarras Water calling,
Tarras Water falling,
Tarras Water calling, calling—
Tarras Water, Tarras Water!

Through my heart the livelong night
Runs the Tarras Burn,
Golden pool and tinkling fall;
In the land of No Return
Still I hear that golden call,

HOME AND COUNTRY

Tarras Water calling,
Tarras Water falling,
Tarras Water calling, calling,
Tarras Water, Tarras Water!

WILFRED WILSON GIBSON.

By permission, Gibson, COLLECTED POEMS, *Macmillan Co.*

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England now that April's there!
And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark! where by blossomed pear tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower—
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

* * * * * *

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recall'd a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

* * * * * *

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honor'd rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

By permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., from Taylor's POETICAL WORKS.

IT'S A FAR, FAR CRY

It's a far, far cry to my own land,
A hundred leagues or more;
To moorlands where the fairies flit
In Rosses and Gweedore—
Where white-maned waves come prancing up
To Dooran's rugged shore.

There's a cabin there by a holy well,
Once blessed by Columbcille,
And a holly bush and a fairy fort
On the slope of Glenties Hill,
Where the dancing feet of many winds
Go roving at their will.

My heart is sick of the level lands,
Where the wingless windmills be,
Where the long-nosed guns from dusk to dawn
Are speaking angrily;
But the little home by Glenties Hill,
Ah! that's the place for me.

A candle stuck on the muddy floor
  Lights up the dug-out wall,
And I see in its flame the prancing sea,
  And the mountains straight and tall;
For my heart is more than often back
  By the hills of Donegal.

PATRICK MACGILL.

By permission, MacGill, SOLDIER SONGS, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*

KILLARNEY

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Em'rald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders everywhere,
Foot-prints leaves on many strands,
But her home is surely there!
Angels fold their wings and rest,
In that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

Innisfallen's ruined shrine
May suggest a passing sigh;
But man's faith can ne'er decline
Such God's wonders floating by;
Castle Lough and Glenabay,
Mountains Tore and Eagle's Nest;
Still at Mucross you must pray
Tho' the monks are now at rest.
Angels wonder not that man
There would fain prolong life's span,

Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints;
Ev'ry rock that you pass by,
Verdure broiders or besprints.
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Ev'ry morn spring's natal day;
Bright-hued berries daff the snows,
Smiling winter's frown away.
Angels often pausing there,
Doubt if Eden were more fair,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney.

* * * * * *

M. W. Balfe.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE

The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countree.

* * * * * *

My lanely hearth burn'd bonnie,
An' smiled my ain Marie;
I've left a' my heart behin'
In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the bee,
But I'll win back—oh never
To my ain countree.

Oh, I am leal to high Heaven,
Where soon I hope to be,
An' there I'll meet you a' soon
Frae my ain countree!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME"

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie.

REFRAIN

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
And it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa';
The bonny white rose it is withering an' a':
But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.

The great now are gane, a' wha ventured to save,—
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my ee—
"I'll shine on ye yet in yer ain countrie."

REFRAIN

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North!
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow!
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below!
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods!
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS.

APRIL IN ENGLAND

April in England. Daffodils are growing
  By every wayside, golden, tall and fair;
April—and all the little winds are blowing
  The scents of springtime through the sunny air.
April in England. God, that we were there!

April in England. And her sons are lying
  On these red fields and dreaming of her shore;
April—we hear the thrushes' songs replying
  Each unto each, above the cannons' roar.
April in England. Shall we see it more?

April in England. There's the cuckoo calling
Down in her meadows, where the cowslip gleams,
April—and little showers are softly falling,
Dimpling the surface of her babbling streams.
April in England. How the shrapnel screams!

April in England. Blood and dust and smother,
Screaming of horses, men in agony;
April—full many of thy sons, O Mother,
Never again those dewy dawns shall see
April in England. God keep England free!

NORAH M. HOLLAND.

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HOMEWARD BOUND

Into the west of the waters on the living ocean's foam,
Into the west of the sunset where the young adventurers roam,
Into the west of the shining star, I am sailing, sailing home;
Home from the lonely cities, time's wreck, and the naked woe,
Home through the clean great waters where freemen's pennants blow,
Home to the land men dream of, where all the nations go;
'Tis home but to be on the waters, 'tis home already here,
Through the weird red-billowing sunset into the west to steer,
To fall asleep in the rocking dark with home a day more near.

By morning light the ship holds on, alive with happy freight,
A thousand hearts with one still joy, and with one hope elate,
To reach the land that mothered them and sweetly guides their fate;
Whether the purple furrow heaps the bows with dazzling spray,
Or buried in green-based masses they dip the storm-swept day,
Or the white fog ribbons o'er them, the strong ship holds her way;
And when another day is done, by the star of love we steer
To the land of all that we love best and all that we hold dear;
We are sailing westward, homeward; our western home is near.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

By permission, Woodberry, POEMS, *Macmillan Co.*

DEARE COUNTREY

* * * Deare countrey! O! how dearely deare
Ought thy remembraunce and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
Did commun breath and nouriture receave.
How brutish is it not to understand
How much to her we owe, that all us gave;
That gave unto us all what ever good we have.

EDMUND SPENCER, 1552–1599. (*The Faerie Queene.*)

WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! Oh! sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice!—I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!
* * * Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
O'er the abyss—his broad-expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath
And round about; absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatened him. I could not shoot!—
'Twas liberty!—I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away!

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. (*William Tell.*)

BELGIUM
(1914)

A cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night.—Isa. iv, 5.

A-smoke thy thousands of homes,
Pall-hidden thy cities are they;
But ever thou'lt be, O brave little land,
A pillar of cloud by day!

The pyre of a million lives—
Right sered by a scorching Might—
But still untouched thy soul of flame,
Forever, a fire by night!

L. H. Everett.

By permission, Everett, Lyrics Nine, *Greenwood Co.*

TO BELGIUM

For Right not Might you fought. The foe,
Checked in his wild World overthrow,
Ravaged, with his remorseless band,
Your ancient fanes and peaceful land,
Thinking to crush you at a blow!

You are not crushed—as well we know.
If you are trodden, 'tis to grow;
Nor shall they fail at last who stand
For Right, not Might.

GOD speed you, Belgium! Time will show
How large a debt to You we owe;
To You, through all reverses grand,
Men stretch to-day a grateful hand:
GOD speed you still—in weal and woe—
For Right, not Might!

Austin Dobson.

By permission, King Albert's Book, *Hearst's International Library Co.*

ON THE ITALIAN FRONT, MCMXVI

"I will die cheering, if I needs must die;
So shall my last breath write upon my lips
Viva Italia! when my spirit slips
Down the great darkness from the mountain sky;
And those who shall behold me where I lie
Shall murmur: 'Look, you! how his spirit dips
From glory into glory! the eclipse
Of death is vanquished! Lo! his victor-cry!'

"Live thou, upon my lips, Italia mine,
The sacred death-cry of my frozen clay!
Let thy dear light from my dead body shine
And to the passerby thy message say:
'*Ecco!* though heaven has made my skies divine,
My sons' love sanctifies my soil for aye!'"

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

By permission of the AUTHOR.

ITALIA, IO TI SALUTO!

To come back from the sweet South, to the North
Where I was born, bred, look to die;
Come back to do my day's work in its day,
Play out my play—
Amen! amen! say I.

To see no more the country half my own,
Nor hear the half familiar speech,
Amen! I say; I turn to that bleak North
Whence I came forth—
The South lies out of reach.

But when our swallows fly back to the South,
To the sweet South, to the sweet South,
The tears may come again into my eyes
On the old wise,
And the sweet name to my mouth.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

By permission, Rossetti, POEMS, *Little, Brown & Co.*

ITALIA DOLOROSA

We sought her for her beauty and her grace,
For the unfading wonder of her face
That lured us overseas from myriad lands,
And always there was kindness in her eyes,
And welcome in her hands.
O Italy! whose glory thrills us yet,
Shall we, thy lovers, in this day forget?

* * * * * *

Long since her beauty drew us overseas;
How may we go to-day with hearts at ease,
Keeping the little comfort we might give,
Withholding that poor talent we might lend
That aids her sons to live?
O Italy! whose heart is torn to-day,
Shall we, thy lovers, hear—and turn away?

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

By permission of the AUTHOR, *published for American Poets' Ambulance Fund.*

VIVE LA FRANCE!

The land of sunshine and of song!
  Her name your hearts divine;
To her the banquet's vows belong
  Whose breasts have poured its wine;
Our trusty friend, our true ally
  Through varied change and chance:
So, fill your flashing goblets high,—
  I give you, VIVE LA FRANCE!

* * * * * *

Above our hosts in triple folds
  The selfsame colors spread,
Where Valor's faithful arm upholds
  The blue, the white, the red;
Alike each nation's glittering crest
  Reflects the morning's glance,—
Twin eagles, soaring east and west:
  Once more, then, VIVE LA FRANCE!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

By permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., from Holmes' POEMS.

VERDUN

Verdun, city of sorrow!
With her war-swept, blackened spaces,
Her crumbled, poor home-places
Whence all her children fled;
With her streets that know no tread
Save that of her worn defenders,—
City of mournful splendors,
Stern and lovely and tragic,—
She shall be clothed with magic.

Who bears her scars upon her breast
  Happy is he!
And as a shrine forever blest
  Her walls shall be.

Verdun, city of thunder,
  City of flame,—
As the sound of a host singing
  Shall be her name;
The sound of a great host singing,
  The tread of a marching mass,
The call of a great cry ringing—
  "*They shall not pass!*"
For through the strife that tore her
The sword of France before her
  Lay like a golden bar;
And in the night of the nations
  She is a star.

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

By permission, Smith, THE FINAL STAR, *James T. White & Co.*

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

What spirit animates to-day
  The soul of France? What vital spark?
From out the fire that burned her clay
At Rouen to an ash of gray,
  The living spirit of Jeanne D'Arc!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

By permission, Scollard, LET THE FLAG WAVE, *James T. White & Co.*

FRANCE

Half artist and half anchorite,
Part siren and part Socrates,
Her face—alluring fair, yet recondite—
Smiled through her salons and academies.

Lightly she wore her double mask,
Till sudden at War's kindling spark,
Her inmost self, in shining mail and casque,
Blazed to the world her single soul—
Jean d'Arc!

PERCY MACKAYE.

By permission, MacKaye, THE PRESENT HOUR, *Macmillan Co.*

EMBATTLED FRANCE

Across the sea that once was free now let the message leap
That France has won our Western hearts, and waked our souls from sleep!
Proud land! No more shall we mistake the shallows for the deep.

They knew her not who lightly thought her frivolously gay—
She who first taught our grimmer world the sanity of play;
They saw the birds that fly the nest but not the brood that stay.

And we who knew and loved her true and shared her welcome kind—
The welcome of her heart, and more, the welcome of her mind—
How could we know these newer bonds that evermore shall bind!—

That she, the Queen of Peace serene, who sought the sword no more,—
That she, the Queen of Art, who keeps the key of Beauty's door,
More royal than her royal lines, should be the Queen of War!—

* * * * * *

Envoi, to the Republic

When Peace and Toil shall guard thy soil, in all its ancient girth,
And Freedom, by thy fortitude, has found a newer birth,
We still shall cry, "My France, Our France, the France of all the Earth!"

ROBT. UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

By permission of the author, from POEMS OF WAR AND PEACE.

FRANCE

Who loves brave life through all the tides of time
Where valor holds review
Craves only this—to send his humble rhyme
Across the seas to you.

* * * * * *

Though Homer lived to sing your mighty heart
Above the drumfire's roll,
What words are there to tell in minor part
The glory of your soul?

* * * * * *

GRANTLAND RICE.

By permission, SONGS OF THE STALWART, *D. Appleton & Co.*

ENGLAND

Daddy Neptune, one day, to Freedom did say,
"If ever I lived upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be little Britain!"
Says Freedom, "Why, that's my own island!"
O it's a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island!
Search the globe round, none can be found
So happy as this little island.

* * * * * *

Since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept time,
In each saying, "This shall be my land";
Should the "Army of England," or all it could bring,
land,
We'd show 'em some play for the Island.
We'd fight for our right to the Island;
We'd give them enough of the Island;
Invaders should just—bite once at the dust,
But not a bit more of the Island.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

THE SONG OF THE BOW

What of the bow?
The bow was made in England:
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows;
For men who are free
Love the old yew-tree,
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord?
The cord was made in England:
A rough cord, a tough cord,
A cord that bowmen love;
And so we will sing
Of the hempen string,
And the land where the cord was wove.

What of the shaft?
The shaft was cut in England:
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
Barbed and trim and true;
So we'll drink together
To the grey goose feather,
And the land where the grey goose flew.

What of the mark?
Ah! seek it not in England:
A bold mark, an old mark
Is waiting over-sea;
Where the strings harp in chorus,
And the lion flag is o'er us,
It is there our mark shall be.

What of the men?
The men were bred in England:
The bowmen—the yeomen,
The lads of dell and fell,
Here's to you—and to you,
To the hearts that are true,
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

HANDS ALL ROUND

First drink a health, this solemn night,
A health to England, every guest:
That man's the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.
May freedom's oak forever live
With stronger life from day to day.
That man's the best Conservative
Who lops the moldered branch away.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's hope confound!
To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.

* * * * * *

Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood!
We know thee and we love thee best;
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our great kinsman of the West, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.

Oh rise, our strong Atlantic sons,
When war against our freedom springs!
Oh, speak to Europe through your guns!
They *can* be understood by kings.

You must not mix our Queen with those
  That wish to keep their people fools:
Our freedom's foemen are her foes;
  She comprehends the race she rules:
    Hands all round!
  God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our great kinsmen in the West, my friends,
And the great cause of Freedom, round and round.

TENNYSON.

THE FORESTERS (Selection)

There is no land like England
  Where'er the light of day be;
There are no hearts like English hearts,
  Such hearts of oak as they be.
There is no land like England
  Where'er the light of day be;
There are no men like Englishmen,
  So tall and bold as they be.

And these will strike for England,
  And man and maid be free,
To foil and spoil the tyrant
  Beneath the greenwood tree.

There is no land like England
  Where'er the light of day be;
There are no wives like English wives,
  So fair and chaste as they be.
There is no land like England
Where'er the light of day be;
There no maids like the English maids,
  So beautiful as they be.

And these shall wed with freemen,
  And all their sons be free,
To sing the songs of England
  Beneath the greenwood tree.

TENNYSON.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? (Selection)

V

Not care to live while English homes
  Nestle in English trees,
And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
  Her territorial seas!
Not live while English songs are sung
  Wherever blows the wind,
And England's laws and England's tongue
  Enfranchise half mankind!
So long as in Pacific main,
  Or on Atlantic strand,
Our kin transmit the parent strain,
  And love the Mother-land;

* * * * * *

So long as flashes English steel,
  And English trumpets shrill,
He is dead already who doth not feel
  Life is worth living still.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

By permission, Austin, ENGLISH LYRICS, *Macmillan Co.*

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!

Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

* * * * * *

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow:
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OUR BIT OF "THE THIN RED LINE"

They have gone with a people's hopes and prayers,
Out over the eastern brine,
To strike for the might of Britain's right,
This bit of "the thin red line."

And over our loyal land to-night,
Where the stars of our freedom shine,
From all true hearts the prayer goes up
For our bit of "the thin red line."

They have gone to fight the freeman's fight,
For our far-off kith and kin:
Brothers of our own blood and breed,
In the fight where the right must win:

For the sacred cause of freedom's laws,
To win the glad release
Of those who tread 'neath tyrannies dread,
And widen the gates of peace.

We send them forth from our "True North,"
For sacred bond and sign,
That well or ill, to the great brave end,
We are Britons from brine to brine.

And whenever the Lion's hunters are out,
And danger threatens his lair,
Be the world on this side, he on that,
Canadian hearts are there;—

And stand or fall, though we go to the wall,
Canadian hearts are true,
Not only to stand for our own birth land,
But to die for the Empire, too.

Yea, we send them forth, from our True North,
Sons of the Empire's might;
And alien the heart that will not pray
For our soldier boys to-night.

Yea, traitor the heart that takes our bread,
And drinks our free sunshine,
That will not throb when the battle joins,
For our bit of "the thin red line."

WILFRED CAMPBELL.

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READY, AY, READY

Old England's sons are English yet,
Old England's hearts are strong;
And still she wears her coronet
Aflame with sword and song.
As in their pride our fathers died,
If need be, so die we;
So wield we still, gainsay who will,
The sceptre of the sea.

REFRAIN

England, stand fast; let hand and heart be steady;
Be thy first word thy last,—Ready, ay, ready!

We've Raleighs still for Raleigh's part,
We've Nelsons yet unknown;
The pulses of the Lion Heart
Beat on through Wellington.
Hold, Britain, hold thy creed of old,
Strong foe and steadfast friend,
And, still unto thy motto true,
Defy not, but defend.

Men whisper'd that our arm was weak,
  Men said our blood was cold,
And that our hearts no longer speak
  The clarion-note of old;
But let the spear and sword draw near
  The sleeping lion's den,
His island shore shall start once more
  To life with armed men.

REFRAIN

England, stand fast; let heart and hand be steady;
Be thy first word thy last,—Ready, ay, ready!

HERMAN CHARLES MERIVALE.

THE RECKONING

Ye who reckon with England—
  Ye who sweep the seas
Of the flag that Rodney nailed aloft
  And Nelson flung to the breeze—
Count well your ships and your men,
  Count well your horse and your guns,
For they who reckon with England
  Must reckon with England's sons.

Ye who would challenge England—
  Ye who would break the might
Of the little isle in the foggy sea
  And the lion-heart in the fight—
Count well your horse and your swords,
  Weigh well your valour and guns,
For they who would ride against England
  Must sabre her million sons.

Ye who would roll to warfare
  Your hordes of peasants and slaves,
To crush the pride of an empire
  And sink her fame in the waves—
Test well your blood and your mettle,
  Count well your troops and your guns,
For they who battle with England
  Must war with a Mother's sons.

THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS.

WHEN SPRING COMES BACK

When Spring comes back to England
  And crowns her brows with May,
Round the merry, moonlit world
  She goes the greenwood way.
She throws a rose to Italy,
  A fleur-de-lys to France;
And round her regal morris-ring
  The seas of England dance.

* * * * * *

And it's whither away is the Spring to-day?
  To England, to England!
In France you'll hear the South Wind say:
"She's off on a quest for a Queen o' the May,
So she's over the hills and far away
  To England!"

She's flown with the swallows across the sea
  To England, to England!
For there's many a land of the brave and free,
But never a home o' the hawthorn-tree,
And never a Queen o' the May for me
  But England!

She is here, she is here with her eyes of blue
In England, in England!
She has brought us the rainbows with her, too,
And a heaven of quivering scent and hue,
And a glory of shimmering, glimmering dew,
And a lily for me and a rose for you
To England.

And round the fairy revels whirl
In England, in England!
And the buds outbreak and the leaves unfurl,
And where the crisp, white cloudlets curl
The Dawn comes up like a primrose-girl,
With a crowd of flowers in a basket of pearl
For England!

ALFRED NOYES.

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A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND

A song of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song:
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love,—
England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;

Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not,—
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's—
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor,—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground,—
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea,—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free:
She shall arise in a sacred scorn
Lightning the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendour eternal,
ENGLAND!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

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ON BEING STYLED "PRO-BOER"

Friend, call me what you will: no jot care I—
I that shall stand for England till I die.
England! The England that rejoiced to see
Hellas unbound, Italy one and free;
The England that had tears for Poland's doom,
And in her heart for all the world made room;
The England from whose side I have not swerved;
The immortal England whom I, too, have served,
Accounting her all living lands above,
In Justice, and in Mercy, and in Love.

WILLIAM WATSON.

From POEMS, *by William Watson.*

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SCOTLAND

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SONNET XI

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change Swords for Ledgers, and desert
The Student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
But when I think of Thee, and what Thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
But dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a Lover or a Child!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL (Selection)

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

WALTER SCOTT.

COLUMBIA

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies;
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendor unfold;
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

* * * * * *

Fair science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see the morn hide the beams of her star.
New bards and new sages, unrivalled shall soar
To fame unextinguished, when time is no more;
To thee the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

* * * * * *

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.

* * * * * *

While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war and give peace to the world,
Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

PATRIA

I would not even ask my heart to say
If I could love another land as well
As thee, my country, had I felt the spell
Of Italy at birth, or learned to obey
The charm of France, or England's mighty sway.
I would not be so much an infidel
As once to dream, or fashion words to tell,
What land could hold my heart from thee away.

For like a law of nature in my blood
I feel thy sweet and secret sovereignty,
And woven through my soul thy vital sign.
My life is but a wave and thou the flood;
I am a leaf and thou the mother-tree;
Nor should I be at all, were I not thine.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

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THE FATHERLAND

Where is the true man's fatherland?
  Is it where he by chance is born?
  Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
Oh, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
  Where God is God and man is man?
  Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
Oh, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
  Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
  Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
  Where'er one man may help another,—
  Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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AMERICA

(From the National Ode, July 4, 1876)

Foreseen in the vision of sages,
Foretold when martyrs bled,
She was born of the longing of ages,
By the truth of the noble dead
And the faith of the living fed!
No blood in her lightest veins
Frets at remembered chains,
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.
In her form and features still
The unblenching Puritan will,
Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,
The Quaker truth and sweetness,
And the strength of the danger-girdled race
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.
From the homes of all, where her being began,
She took what she gave to Man;
Justice, that knew no station,
Belief, as soul decreed,
Free air for aspiration,
Free force for independent deed!
She takes, but to give again,
As the sea returns the rivers in rain;
And gathers the chosen of her seed
From the hunted of every crown and creed.
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;
Her France pursues some dream divine;
Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;
Her Italy waits by the western brine;
And broad-based under all,

Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
As rich in fortitude
As e'er went worldward from the island-wall!
Fused in her candid light,
To one strong race all races here unite;
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan.
'Twas glory, once, to be a Roman:
She makes it glory, now, to be a man!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

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SCUM O' THE EARTH

I

At the gate of the West I stand,
On the isle where nations throng.
We call them " scum o' the earth ":

Stay, are we doing you wrong,
Young fellow from Socrates' land?—
You, like a Hermes, so lissome and strong,
Fresh from the master Praxiteles' hand?
So you're of Spartan birth?
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band—
Deathless in story and song—
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylæ's pass—
Ah, I forget the straits, alas!
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth,
That have doomed you to march in " our immigrant class,"
Where you're nothing but " scum o' the earth."

II

You Pole with the child on your knee,
What dower bring you to the land of the free?
Hark! does she croon
That sad little tune
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea
And mounted in gold for you and for me?
Now a ragged young fiddler answers
In wild Czech melody
That Dvorak took whole from the dancers.
And the heavy faces bloom
In the wonderful Slavic way;
The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,
Suddenly dawn like the day.

* * * * * *

Newcomers all from the eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these.
Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.
Help us to father a nation strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

By permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., from Schauffler's SCUM O' THE EARTH.

A ROUND TRIP

In swaddling clothes he came across the sea
In flight from wrong,
Before his eyes all vast blue mystery,
Waves rolling long,
And in his ears an Old World melody—
His mother's song.

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

In khaki he goes back across the sea
To smite a wrong,
Before his eyes the ocean majesty
Outraged too long,
And in his ears "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"—
His mother's song.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

By permission, Wilson, THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET, *Macmillan Co.*

THE FOREIGN BORN

Who are the foreign born? Not those
Whose pulses to Old Glory thrill,
Who would protect it with their blows
From insult of a tyrant's will.
What though their bodies sprang from earth
Upon a strange and distant strand,
'Tis here their spirits found their birth,
And they are natives in the land.

Who are the native born? Not those
Who falter in the Flag's defence,
Who would not die against its foes
And count the joy a recompense.
What though the ancestry they scorn
Runs backward to the Pilgrim band?
Their spirits have been elsewhere born
And they are aliens in the land.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

By permission, Wilson, THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET, *Macmillan Co.*

THE SONG OF THE FOREIGN-BORN

We came, and you bade us welcome,
You gave of your golden store,
When oppressed in the land of our fathers
We thronged through your wide-flung door,
The Celt from the Isle of sorrow,
The Teuton and Frank as one
We followed the gleam of a hopeful dream
To the Land of the Setting Sun.

They lie, who would brand us ungrateful,
And false to a nation's trust,
That stooped like a loving mother
And lifted us out of the dust.
Please God, you will never need it,
But if cause there should ever be,
Our blades like flame will defend your name
And our cherished Liberty.

We will gather like clouds of the tempest
At the threat of a mailed hand,
And the tread of our marching millions
Shall thunder across the land.
The flash of our righteous lightning
Shall illuminate the world,
Where flying free our foes will see
The Stars and Stripes unfurled.

ROBERT EMMET CARROLL.

By permission, POETS OF THE FUTURE, *Stratford Co.*

FROM "THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP"

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

By permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., from Longfellow's COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS.

FROM "MY COUNTRY"

O destined Land, unto thy citadel,
What founding fates even now doth peace compel,
That through the world thy name is sweet to tell!
O throned Freedom, unto thee is brought
Empire; nor falsehood nor blood-payment asked;

Who never through deceit thy ends hast sought,
Nor toiling millions for ambition tasked;
Unlike the fools who build the throne
On fraud, and wrong, and woe;
For man at last will take his own,
Nor count the overthrow;
But far from these is set thy continent,
Nor fears the Revolution in man's rise;
On laws that with the weal of all consent,
And saving truths that make the people wise:
For thou art founded in the eternal fact
That every man doth greaten with the act
Of freedom; and doth strengthen with the weight
Of duty; and diviner moulds his fate,
By sharp experience taught the thing he lacked,
God's pupil; thy large maxim framed, though late,
Who masters best himself best serves the State.
This wisdom is thy Corner: next the stone
Of Bounty; thou hast given all; thy store,
Free as the air, and broadcast as the light,
Thou flingest; and the fair and gracious sight,
More rich, doth teach thy sons this happy lore:
That no man lives who takes not priceless gifts
Both of thy substance and thy laws, whereto
He may not plead desert, but holds of thee
A childhood title, shared with all who grew,
His brethren of the hearth; whence no man lifts
Above the common right his claim; nor dares
To fence his pastures of the common good:
For common are thy fields; common the toil;
Common the charter of prosperity,
That gives to each that all may blessed be.
This is the very counsel of thy soil.

Therefore, if any thrive, mean-souled he spares
The alms he took; let him not think subdued
The State's first law, that civic rights are strong
But while the fruits of all to all belong;
Although he heir the fortune of the earth,
Let him not hoard, nor spend it for his mirth,
But match his private means with public worth.
That man in whom the people's riches lie
Is the great citizen, in his country's eye.
Justice, the third great base, that shall secure
To each his earnings, howsoever poor,
From each his duties, howsoever great.
She bids the future for the past atone.
Behold her symbols on the hoary stone—
The awful scales and that war-hammered beam
Which whoso thinks to break doth fondly dream,
Or Czars who tyrannize or mobs that rage;
These are her charge, and heaven's eternal law.
She from old fountains doth new judgment draw.
Till, word by word, the ancient order swerves
To the true course more nigh; in every age
A little she creates, but more preserves.
Hope stands the last, a mighty prop of fate.
These thy foundations are, O firm-set State!

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

By permission, Woodberry, POEMS, *Macmillan Co.*

THE FLAG AND FREEDOM

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there.

DRAKE (p. 268).

THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of colour beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colours before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by:

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honour and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honour—all
Live in the colours to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

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STAND BY THE FLAG!

* * * * * *

Stand by the Flag! Its stripes have streamed in glory,
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe;
And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story
Of freedom's triumphs over all the globe.

Stand by the Flag! On land and ocean billow,
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true;
Living, defended; dying, from their pillow
With their last blessing passed it on to you.

* * * * * *

Stand by the Flag, though death shots round it rattle,
And underneath its waving folds have met,
In all the dread array of sanguine battle,
The quiv'ring lance and glitt'ring bayonet!

Stand by the Flag, all doubt and danger scorning!
Believe, with courage firm and faith sublime,
That it shall float until th' eternal morning
Pales in its glories all the lights of Time.

JOHN NICHOLS WILDER.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,

And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

* * * * * *

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

What flower is this that greets the morn
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land;—
O tell us what its name may be!
Is this the Flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,

Till, lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite
One mingling flood of braided light—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round;
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flag of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew—
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

By permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., from Holmes' POEMS.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

Warden at ocean's gate,
  Thy feet on sea and shore,
Like one the skies await
  When time shall be no more!
What splendors crown thy brow?
What bright dread angel Thou,
  Dazzling the waves before
    Thy station great?

"My name is Liberty!
  From out a mighty land
I face the ancient sea,
  I lift to God my hand;
By day in Heaven's light,
A pillar of fire by night,
  At ocean's gate I stand
    Nor bend the knee.

* * * * * *

"But ye that hither draw
  To desecrate my fee,
Nor yet have held in awe
  The justice that makes free,—
Avaunt, ye darkling brood!
By Right my house hath stood:
  My name is Liberty,
    My Throne is Law."

* * * * * *

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

By permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., from Stedman's COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS.

A GODSPEED

God speed Old Glory when she takes the road to France!
Through the thundering of the legions where the bugles play advance
God speak: "The fight is mine. Carry you my conquering lance."
God speed Old Glory on!

God send Old Glory first and foremost in the fight!
Fling her far, O God of battles, in the van, for the right.
Lift our hearts up to our freedom's flag of red-and-blue-and-white.
God fling Old Glory far!

God guard Old Glory clean through battle grime and sweat!
Consecrate the men who serve her so that none may e'er forget
How the honor of the colors lies within his keeping yet.
God guard Old Glory clean!

God bring Old Glory home in honor, might, and pride;
Battle-black and bullet-slashed and stripes streaming wide,
Gorgeous with the memories of men who greatly died—
God bring Old Glory home!

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS.

From CROSSES OF WAR, *copyright 1917, 1918 by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.*

THE MINSTREL-BOY

The Minstrel-Boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.

THE FLAG AND FREEDOM

"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;

And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

THOMAS MOORE.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

STANZAS ON FREEDOM

Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England air,
If ye hear without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains—
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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PEACE AFTER WAR

PEACE

O Lord of Peace, who art Lord of Righteousness,
Constrain the anguished worlds from sin and grief,
Pierce them with conscience, purge them with redress,
And give us peace which is no counterfeit!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ONE BENEATH OLD GLORY

Don't you hear the tramp of soldiers?
Don't you hear the bugles play?
Don't you see the muskets flashing
In the sunlight far away?
Don't you feel the ground all trembling
'Neath the tread of many feet?
They are coming, tens of thousands,
To the army and the fleet.

They are Yankees, they are Johnnies,
They're from North and South no more;
They are one, and glad to follow
Where Old Glory goes before.
From Atlantic to Pacific,
From the Pine Tree to Lone Star,
They are gath'ring round Old Glory,
And they're marching to the war.

Don't you see the harbors guarded
By those bristling dogs of war?
Don't you hear them growling, barking,
At the fleet beyond the bar?
Don't you hear the Jack Tars cheering,
Brave as sailor lads can be?
Don't you see the water boiling
Where the squadron put to sea?

They are Yankees, they are Johnnies,
They're for North and South no more;
They are one, and glad to follow
Where Old Glory goes before.

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

From Atlantic to Pacific,
From the Pine Tree to Lone Star,
They have gathered 'round Old Glory,
And they're sailing to the war.

* * * * * *

There'll be Yankees, there'll be Johnnies,
There'll be North and South no more,
When the boys come marching homeward
With Old Glory borne before.
From Atlantic to Pacific,
From the Pine Tree to Lone Star,
They'll be one beneath Old Glory
After coming from the war.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled;
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

* * * * * *

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

By permission, THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY *and Henry Holt & Co., from* THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

AS THE SONS OF THE FLAG ADVANCE

Here's to the Blue of the wind-swept North,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the sons of the North advance.

And here's to the Gray of the sun-kissed South,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the sons of the South advance.

And here's to the Blue and Gray as one,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the Spirit of God be with you all
As the sons of the Flag advance.

GEORGE MORROW MAYO.

By permission of THE NEW YORK TIMES.

TUBAL CAIN

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung:
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord."

* * * * * *

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,

That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made"—
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands,
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword."

CHARLES MACKAY.

FALSE PEACE AND TRUE

There is a peace wherein man's mood is tame—
  Like clouds upon a windless summer day
The hours float by; the people take no shame
  In alien mocks; like children are they gay.
Such peace is craven-bought, the cost is great;
  Not so is nourished a puissant state.

There is a peace amidst the shock of arms
  That satisfies the soul, though all the air
Hurtles with horror and is rude with harms;
  Life's gray gleams into golden deeds, and where,
The while swords slept, unrighteousness was done,
Wrong takes her death-blow, and from sun to sun
That clarion cry, *My Country!* makes men one.

RICHARD BURTON.

By permission, Burton, MEMORIAL DAY, *Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.*

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN

(NEW YORK HARBOR, AUGUST 20, 1898)

* * * * * *

Ah! in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade them rise and go,—
How, when the stirring summons smote on her children's ear,
South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole land answered, "Here!"
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the sailor's song
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should meet with wrong;

Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then, on
the decks they trod,
Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of
their country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends
of sea;
To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in
wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across
the strait:—
But better the golden evening when the ships round
heads for home,
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of
seething foam,
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the
men who win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the
great gray ships come in!

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

By permission, Carryl, THE GARDEN OF YEARS, *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

WHEN THE CANNON BOOMS

When the cannon booms,
When the war-drums rattle fiercely
And the feet of men in khaki hammer time out on the
pave,
It is easy to be brave;
It is easy to believe that God is angry with the other
Man, our brother,
And has left the sword of Gideon in our wayward human
hand,
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,
When the primal love of fighting stirs the tiger in our blood,
And the fascinating smell
Of the sulphur-fumes of hell
Rouses memories of the pit from which our human nature rose,

It is easy to forget
God was not found in the earthquake, in the strong wind or the fire;
It is easy to forget how at last the prophet heard Him
As a still, small voice,
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,
When the war-lords strut and swagger
And the battle-ships are plowing for the bitter crop of death,
While the shouting rends the ear,
Echoing from the empyrean,
It is difficult to hear
Through the din the Galilean
With His calm voice preaching peace on earth to men;
'Twill be easier to claim,
If we will, the Christian name,
To become as little children and be men of gentle will,
When the cannon booms—the cannon booms—no more.

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH.

By permission, Carruth, EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE, *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

WAR

The great Republic goes to war,
But spring still comes as spring has done,
And all the summer months will run
Their summer sequence as before;
And every bird will build its nest,
The sun sink daily in the west,
And rising eastward bring new day
In the old way.

But ah! those dawns will have a light,
Those western skies burn golden bright,
With what a note the birds will sing,
And winter's self be turned to spring
Than any springtime sweeter far,
When once again, calm entering,
The great Republic comes from war!

GRACE ELLERY CHANNING-STETSON.

From SEA DRIFT, *by Grace E. Channing-Stetson, copyrighted 1899, reprinted by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Co., Inc.*

LOCKSLEY HALL (Selection)

* * * * * *

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained
a ghastly dew
From the nation's airy navies grappling in the central
blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the
thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-
flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

TENNYSON.

BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND MORNING

You that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And trust that out of night and death shall rise
The dawn of ampler life,

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
That God has given you, for a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour.

That you may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens, their heritage to take:—
"I saw the powers of darkness put to flight!
I saw the morning break!"

SIR OWEN SEAMAN.

Reprinted by permission of London PUNCH.

WHEN THERE IS PEACE

"When there is Peace, this land no more
Will be the land we knew of yore."
Thus do the facile seers foretell
The truth that none can buy or sell
And e'en the wisest must ignore.

When we have bled at every pore,
Shall we still strive for gear and store?
Will it be Heaven, will it be Hell,
When there is Peace?

This let us pray for—this implore—
That, all base dreams thrust out at door,
We may in nobler aims excel,
And, like men waking from a spell,
Grow stronger, worthier than before,
When there is Peace!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

By permission, Dobson, POEMS, *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

THE TRUE PATRIOT

THE HOUR AND THE MAN

No man can choose what coming hours may bring
To him of need, of joy, of suffering;
But what his soul shall bring unto each hour
To meet its challenge—this is in his power.

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

By permission, THE OUTLOOK.

FROM A CREED

* * * * * *

So shall I fight, so shall I tread,
In this long war beneath the stars;
So shall a glory wreathe my head,
So shall I faint and show the scars,
Until this case, this clogging mould,
Be smithied all to kingly gold.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

By permission, Masefield, POEMS AND PLAYS, *Macmillan Co.*

PLUCK

Thank God for pluck—unknown to slaves—
The self ne'er of itself bereft,
Who, when the right arm's shattered, waves
The good flag with the left.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

By permission of the AUTHOR.

PUT IT THROUGH

Come, Freemen of the land,
Come meet the last demand!
Here's a piece of work in hand:
Put it through!

* * * * * *

Here's a country that's half free,
And it waits for you and me,
To say what its fate shall be:
Put it through!

* * * * * *

For the Birthrights yet unsold,
For the History yet untold,
For the Future yet unrolled,
Put it through!

* * * * * *

Here's a work of God half done,
Here's the kingdom of His Son,
With its triumphs just begun:
Put it through!

* * * * * *

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

'Tis to you the Trust is given!
'Tis by you the Bolt is driven!
By the very God of Heaven,
Drive it through!

ANONYMOUS.

CARRY ON!

It's easy to fight when everything's right,
And you're mad with the thrill and the glory;
It's easy to cheer when victory's near,
And wallow in fields that are gory.
It's a different song when everything's wrong,
When you're feeling infernally mortal;
When it's ten against one, and hope there is none,
Buck up, little soldier, and chortle:

Carry on! Carry on!
There isn't much punch in your blow.
You're glaring and staring and hitting out blind;
You're muddy and bloody, but never you mind.
Carry on! Carry on!
You haven't the ghost of a show.
It's looking like death, but while you've breath,
Carry on, my son! Carry on!

And so in the strife of the battle of life
It's easy to fight when you're winning;
It's easy to slave, and starve and be brave,
When the dawn of success is beginning.
But the man who can meet despair and defeat
With a cheer, there's the man of God's choosing;
The man who can fight to Heaven's own height
Is the man who can fight when he's losing.

* * * * * *

THE TRUE PATRIOT

Carry on! Carry on!
Fight the good fight and true;
Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer;
There's big work to do, and that's why you are here.
Carry on! Carry on!
Let the world be the better for you;
And at last when you die, let this be your cry:
Carry on, my soul! Carry on!

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

From RHYMES OF A RED CROSS MAN, *by Robert W. Service, published by Barse & Hopkins, New York.*

WHATEVER ODDS THERE ARE

Give me but room to fight my way—
I ask no other gift from Fate;
Though it should crowd on me at bay,
Where only ghosts and shadows wait.

* * * * * *

No glint of glory from the height,
No flare of fame to call me far;
Merely the ground to make my fight
Against whatever odds there are.

GRANTLAND RICE.

By permission, Rice, SONGS OF THE STALWART, *D. Appleton & Co.*

A MAN MUST LIVE

A man must live! We justify
Low shift and trick to treason high,
A little vote for a little gold,
To a whole senate bought and sold,
With this self-evident reply.

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

But is it so? Pray tell me why
Life at such cost you have to buy?
In what religion were you told
"A man must live?"

There are times when a man must die.
Imagine for a battle-cry
From soldiers with a sword to hold—
From soldiers with the flag unrolled—
This coward's whine, this liar's lie,
"A man must live!"

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

By permission of the AUTHOR.

VITAI LAMPADA

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke—
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honor a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

THE TRUE PATRIOT

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

HENRY NEWBOLT.

By permission, Newbolt, COLLECTED POEMS, *Thomas Nelson & Sons.*

EPILOGUE TO ASOLANDO (Selection)

* * * * * *

One who never turn'd his back but march'd breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dream'd though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

ROBERT BROWNING.

PROSPICE (Selection)

Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gain'd,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old;
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

ROBERT BROWNING.

A PRAYER IN KHAKI

O Lord, my God, accept my prayer of thanks
That Thou hast placed me humbly in the ranks
Where I can do my part, all unafraid—
A simple soldier in Thy great crusade.

I pray thee, Lord, let others take command;
Enough for me, a rifle in my hand,
Thy blood-red banner ever leading me
Where I can fight for liberty and Thee.

Give others, God, the glory; mine the right
To stand beside my comrades in the fight:
To die, if need be, in some foreign land—
Absolved and solaced by a soldier's hand.

THE TRUE PATRIOT

O Lord, my God, pray harken to my prayer,
And keep me ever humble, keep me where
The fight is thickest, where, 'midst steel and flame,
Thy sons give battle, calling on Thy name.

ROBERT GARLAND.

By permission, THE OUTLOOK.

FAIR FIGHT

Let me strike my foe down,
If stricken he should be,
Face to face in any place
Of battle-bravery.
Let our arms be equal,
And never let me use
Petty vantage-place or power
To smite him from, in a dark hour—
Rather let me lose.

* * * * * *

CALE YOUNG RICE.

By permission, Rice, TRAILS SUNWARD, *Century Co.*

IN THE DAY OF BATTLE

In the day of battle,
In the night of dread,
Let one hymn be lifted,
Let one prayer be said.

Not for pride of conquest,
Not for vengeance wrought;
Not for peace and safety
With dishonor bought!

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

Praise for faith in freedom,
Our fighting fathers' stay,
Born of dreams and daring,
Bred above dismay.

Pray for cloudless vision
And the valiant hand,
That the right may triumph
To the last demand.

BLISS CARMAN.

From APRIL AIRS, *by Bliss Carman, copyrighted 1916, reprinted by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Co., Inc.*

THE WARRIOR'S PRAYER

Long since, in sore distress, I heard one pray,
"Lord, who prevailest with resistless might,
Ever from war and strife keep me away,
My battles fight!"

I know not if I play the Pharisee,
And if my brother after all be right;
But *mine* shall be the warrior's plea to thee—
Strength for the fight!

I do not ask that thou shalt front the fray,
And drive the warring foeman from my sight;
I only ask, O Lord, by night, by day,
Strength for the fight!

When foes upon me press, let me not quail
Nor think to turn me into coward flight;
I only ask, to make mine arms prevail,
Strength for the fight!

Still let mine eyes look ever on the foe,
Still let mine armor case me strong and bright;
And grant me, as I deal each righteous blow,
Strength for the fight!

And when, at eventide, the fray is done,
My soul to Death's bedchamber do thou light,
And give me, be the field or lost or won,
Rest from the fight!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

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OPPORTUNITY

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering, crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

By permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., from Sill's POETICAL WORKS.

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

KNIGHTHOOD

(To H. T. O.)

In honor, chivalrous;
In duty, valorous;
In all things, noble;
To the heart's core, clean.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

By permission, Scott, IN THE BATTLE SILENCES, *Musson Co.*

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle to the end,
To save from shame and thrall;
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair through faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns;
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain meres,
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail!
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! Blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And starlike mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Through gleaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand to mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden Knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt me in my dreams;
And stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain walls
A rolling organ harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So passed I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

TENNYSON.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous Spirit, who, * * *
* * * doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
— — — 'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;

* * * * * *

And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
— — — He who, though thus endured as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;

* * * * * *

Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WASHINGTON

God wills no man a slave. The man most meek,
Who saw Him face to face on Horeb's peak,
Had slain a tyrant for a bondman's wrong,
And met his Lord with sinless soul and strong.
But when, years after, overfraught with care,
His feet once trod doubt's pathway to despair,
For that one treason lapse, the guiding hand
That led so far now barred the promised land.
God makes no man a slave, no doubter free;
Abiding faith alone wins liberty.

No angel led our Chieftain's steps aright;
No pilot cloud by day, no flame by night;
No plague nor portent spake to foe or friend;
No doubt assailed him, faithful to the end.

Weaklings there were, as in the tribes of old,
Who craved for fleshpots, worshipped calves of gold,
Murmured that right would harder be than wrong,
And freedom's narrow road so steep and long;
But he who ne'er on Sinai's summit trod
Still walked the highest heights and spake with God;

THE TRUE PATRIOT

Saw with anointed eyes no promised land
By petty bounds or pettier cycles spanned,
Its people curbed and broken to the ring,
Backed with a caste and saddled with a King,—
But freedom's heritage and training school,
Where men unruled should learn to wisely rule,
Till sun and moon should see at Ajalon
King's heads in dust and freemen's feet thereon.

His work well done, the leader stepped aside,
Spurning a crown with more than kingly pride,
Content to wear the higher crown of worth,
While time endures, First Citizen of earth.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?" (Selection)

IV

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh;
Long as at tale of anguish swells
The heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget;

So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
And loyal Hope survives,
And gracious Charity remains
To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
For Intellect or Will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

By permission, Austin, ENGLISH LYRICS, *Macmillan Co.*

ANOTHER CHANCE

* * * * * *

* * * A man whose soul is pure and strong, whose sword is bright and keen,
Who knows the splendour of the fight and what its issues mean;
Who never takes one step aside, nor halts, though hope be dim,
But cleaves a pathway thro' the strife, and bids men follow him,

No blot upon his stainless shield, no weakness in his arm;
No sign of trembling in his face to break his valour's charm:
A man like this could stay the flight and lead the wavering line;
Ah! give me but a year of life—I'll make that glory mine!

* * * * * *

HENRY VAN DYKE.

From POEMS, *copyright 1912, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.*

THE TRUE PATRIOT

LORD OF HIMSELF

How happy is he born or taught
  Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
  And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
  Whose soul is still prepared for death—
Not tied unto the world with care
  Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

* * * * * *

Who hath his ear from rumours freed;
  Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
  Nor ruin make oppressors great:—

* * * * * *

This man is free from servile bands
  Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
  And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON (1568–1637).

THE SEARCHLIGHTS

Political morality differs from individual morality, because there is no power above the State.—*General von Bernhardi.*

Shadow by shadow, stripped for fight
  The lean black cruisers search the sea.
Night-long their level shafts of light
  Revolve, and find no enemy.
Only they know each leaping wave
May hide the lightning, and their grave.

And in the land they guard so well
  Is there no silent watch to keep?
An age is dying, and the bell
  Rings midnight on a vaster deep.
But over all its waves, once more
  The searchlights move, from shore to shore.

And captains that we thought were dead,
  And dreamers that we thought were dumb,
And voices that we thought were fled,
  Arise, and call us, and we come;
And "search in thine own soul," they cry;
  "For there, too, lurks thine enemy."

* * * * * *

Not far, not far into the night,
  These level swords of light can pierce;
Yet for her faith does England fight,
  Her faith in this our universe,
Believing Truth and Justice draw
  From founts of everlasting law;

* * * * * *

Therefore a Power above the State,
  The unconquerable Power returns.
The fire, the fire that made her great,
  Once more upon her altar burns,
Once more, redeemed and healed and whole,
She moves to the Eternal Goal.

ALFRED NOYES.

From THE LORD OF MISRULE, *copyright 1915, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.*

SEARCHLIGHTS

The searchlights sweep the sombre skies,—
Slow-wheeling,—focussed here and there,
To catch the lurking treacheries
Within their wide-flung whirling snare;
And when they find the hidden foe
The eager hunters lay him low.

God's mightier beams are searching out
The Soul of Life and lighting it,
That His fair hosts may put to rout
The foes that have been blighting it;
Sweep clean, O Lord, and beautify,
And come Thou in and occupy!

JOHN OXENHAM.

From THE VISION SPLENDID, *John Oxenham.*

Copyright 1917, GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, Publishers.

A TROOP OF THE GUARD RIDES FORTH TO-DAY

There's trampling of hoofs in the busy street,
There's clanking of sabres on floor and stair,
There's sound of restless, hurrying feet,
Of voices that whisper, of lips that entreat:
Will they live, will they die, will they strive, will they dare?
The houses are garlanded, flags flutter gay,
For a Troop of the Guard rides forth to-day.

Oh, the troopers will ride and their hearts will leap,
When it's shoulder to shoulder and friend to friend—
But it's some to the pinnacle, some to the deep,
And some in the glow of their strength to sleep,
And for all it's a fight to the tale's far end.
And it's each to his goal, nor turn nor sway,
When the Troop of the Guard rides forth to-day.

The dawn is upon us, the pale light speeds
To the zenith with glamour and golden dart.
On, up! Boot and Saddle! Give spurs to your steeds!
There's a city beleaguered that cries for men's deeds,
With the pain of the world in its cavernous heart.
Ours be the triumph! Humanity calls!
Life's not a dream in the clover!
On to the walls, on to the walls,
On to the walls and over!

* * * * * *

Old gods have fallen and the new must arise!
Out of the dust of doubt and broken creeds
The sons of those who cast men's idols low
Must build up for a hungry people's needs
New gods, new hopes, new strength to toil and grow;
Knowing that naught that ever lived can die,—
No act, no dream but spreads its sails, sublime,
Sweeping across the visible seas of time
Into the treasure-haven of eternity.

* * * * * *

The portals are open, the white road leads
Through thicket and garden, o'er stone and sod.
On, up! Boot and Saddle! Give spurs to your steeds!
There's a city beleaguered that cries for men's deeds,

For the faith that is strength and the love that is God!
On through the dawning! Humanity calls!
Life's not a dream in the clover!
On to the walls, on to the walls,
On to the walls and over!

HERMANN HAGEDORN.

By permission, DRUMS AND FIFES, THE VIGILANTES' BOOK, *copyright 1917, Geo. H. Doran Co., publishers.*

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

By permission, Clough, POEMS, *Macmillan Co.*

ASPIRATION

We never know how high we are
  Till we are called to rise;
And then, if we are true to plan,
  Our statures touch the skies.

The heroism we recite
  Would be a daily thing,
Did not ourselves the cubits warp
  For fear to be a king.

EMILY DICKINSON.

By permission, Dickinson, POEMS, *copyright, Little, Brown & Co.*

VOLUNTARIES

* * * * * *

If once the generous chief arrive
To lead him willing to be led,
For freedom he will strike and strive,
And drain his heart till he be dead.

* * * * * *

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

By permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., from Emerson's POEMS.

PRAYER DURING BATTLE

Lord, in this hour of tumult,
  Lord, in this night of fears,
Keep open, oh, keep open
  My eyes, my ears.

Not blindly, not in hatred,
  Lord, let me do my part.
Keep open, oh, keep open
  My mind, my heart.

HERMANN HAGEDORN.

By permission of the Author, from A TROOP OF THE GUARD.

TO MILTON

(LONDON, 1802)

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

(From) "EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE"

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH.

By permission, EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE, *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

PEACE

While wrong is wrong let no man prate of peace!

* * * * * *

Hate wrong! Slay wrong! else mercy, justice, truth,
Freedom and faith, shall die for humankind—
Slay! that His Law may live! But, having slain,
O seek the quiet places in your souls,
The lonely shore of your Gennesaret,
Your Mount of Olives, your Gethsemane,
Where waits the Peace of God.

WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON.

From Buttadeus, THE FORUM, *London.*

O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE (Selection)

* * * * * * Live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self;
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
To vaster issues.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE NEED FOR MEN

God give us men! The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands—
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps!
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps!

J. G. HOLLAND.

From COMPLETE POETICAL WRITINGS, *copyright 1907, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride;
No:—MEN! high-minded men.

* * * * * *

Men who their *duties* know,
But know their *rights*, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State.

* * * * * *

SIR WILLIAM JONES (1745-1794).

AMERICA TO ENGLAND

Mother of nations, of them eldest we,
Well is it found, and happy for the state,
When that which makes men proud first makes them great;
And such our fortune is who sprang from thee,
And brought to this new land from over sea
The faith that can with every household mate,
And freedom whereof law is magistrate,
And thoughts that make men brave and leave them free.
O mother of our faith, our law, our lore,
What shall we answer thee if thou shouldst ask
How this fair birthright doth in us increase?
There is no home, but Christ is at the door;
Freely our toiling millions choose life's task;
Justice we love, and next to justice, peace.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

By permission, Woodberry, POEMS, *Macmillan Co.*

THE NEW POLITICIAN

While others hedged, or silent lay,
He to the people spoke all day;
Aye, and he said precisely what
He thought; each time he touched the spot.
"In heaven's name, what does he mean!
Was ever such blind folly seen!"

THE TRUE PATRIOT

The wag-beard politicians cried:
"Can no one stop the man?" they sighed.
"This 'talking frankly' may be fun,
But when have such mad tactics won?
He may be happy, but the cost
Is ours! The whole election's lost!"
And still the people at his feet
Followed and cheered from street to street.
Truly this ne'er was known before:
No soldier, sailor, orator,—
No hero home from battle he
Whom welcoming thousands rush to see;
But just a man who dared to take
His stand on justice—make or break;
'Twas all because the people found
A man by no convention bound;
Who sought to heal their black disgrace
By treating rich and poor the same,
Giving to crime its ugly name,
Damning the guilty to their face.
And when the votes at last were read,
One candidate ran clear ahead!
This be his glory and renown:
He told the truth—and took the town.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

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THE ATHENIAN BOY'S OATH

I pledge to my city, to Athens most dear,
Her laws to obey, her ideals revere.

I'll be generous, just, not triumph by might,
And hold in high honor the sacred, the right,

And reverence for duty aid to instil
That deeds of high purpose her records may fill.

To Athens I pledge my honor, my all,
And support her ideals, with my life, at her call.

On her Past so splendid our Present must gain;
Only thus can her Future full glory attain.

O better and greater through me may She be!
More beauty, more glory, dear Athens, to Thee!

MARY MORRIS.

By permission of the AUTHOR.

THE NEW CITY

Have we seen her, The New City, O my brothers, where she stands,
The superb, supreme creation of unnumbered human hands:
The complete and sweet expression of unnumbered human souls,
Bound by love to work together while their love their work controls;
Built by brothers for their brothers, kept by sisters for their mates,
Garlanded by happy children playing free within the gates,
Brooded by such mighty mothers as are born to lift us up
Till we drink in full communion of God's wondrous "loving cup"
Clean and sightly are her pavements ringing sound beneath men's feet,

Wide and ample are her forums where her citizens may meet,
Fair and precious are her gardens where her youths and maidens dance
In the fresh, pure air of Heaven, 'mid the flowers' extravagance.
And her schools are as the ladders to the Spirit, from the Clay,
Leading, round by round, to labor, strengthened side by side, by play,
And her teachers are her bravest, and her governors her best,
For she loves the little children she has nourished at her breast.
Never clangor of the trumpet, nor the hiss of bullets mad
Breaks the music of her fountains, plashing seaward, flashing glad,
For no excess and no squalor mark her fruitful, fair increase——
She has wrought life's final glory in a miracle of peace,
And her citizens live justly, without gluttony or need,
And he strives to serve the city who has bread enough to feed
All his own, and she must labor, who would hold an honored place
With the women of the city in their dignity and grace.
Have ye seen her, O my brothers, The New City, where each hour
Is a poet's revelation, or a hero's perfect power,
Or an artist's new creation, or a laborer's new strength,
Where a world of aspiration clings God by the feet, at length?

Have ye seen her, The New City, in her glory? Ah, not yet
Gilds the sun with actual splendor chimney top and minaret,
But her site is surely purchased and her pattern is designed,
And her blessed ways are visions for all striving humankind!
The New City, O my brothers, we ourselves shall never see—
She will gladden children's children into holy ecstasy—
Let our lives be in the building! We shall lay us in the sod,
Happier, if our human travail builds their avenues to God!

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON.

By permission, THE INDEPENDENT.

THE BRIDGE BUILDERS

They have builded magnificent bridges
Where the nation's highways go;
O'er perilous mountain ridges
And where great rivers flow.
Wherever a link was needed between the new and the known
They have left their marks of Progress, in iron and steel and stone.

There was never a land too distant,
Nor ever a way too wide,
But some man's mind, insistent,
Reached out to the other side.
They cleared the way, these heroes, for the march of future years.
The march was Civilization—and they were its Pioneers.

THE TRUE PATRIOT

Now, through a nation's sinning,
They are building a bridge so wide
That those at the work's beginning
Scarce dreamed of the other side.
They spared no thought for a future with the need for "now" so plain;
They sowed for others' reaping—they have died for others' gain.

And what has gone to the making?
Courage and sacrifice,
And a thirst that knows no slaking
For the Right at any price;
Comradeship caring nothing for riches or rank or birth,
For builders like these build only with things of eternal worth.

Be comforted, wives and mothers!
Your men, in their splendid youth,
With a thousand thousand others
Have opened the way for Truth.
They are building into a future where terror and strife shall cease;
And the span of the bridge is Honor, and the goal that it leads to—Peace.

EVELYN SIMMS.

THE BOOKMAN, *London.*

THE PRESENT CRISIS

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from East
to West;
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within
him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full blossomed on the thorny stem of
Time.

* * * * * *

Once, to every man and nation, comes the moment to
decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or
evil side;
Some great cause, God's *new* Messiah, offering each the
bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon
the right,—
And *the choice goes by forever* 'twixt that darkness and
that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, in whose party thou shalt
stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust
against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is
strong;
And albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her
throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all
wrong.

We see dimly, in the Present, what is small and what is great;
Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of Fate;
But the soul is still oracular,—amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within:
"*They enslave their children's children, who make compromise with Sin!*"

* * * * * *

New occasions teach new duties! Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth.
Lo! before us gleam the campfires! we *ourselves* must Pilgrims be,
Launch *our* Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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FOURTH OF JULY ODE

I

Our fathers fought for liberty;
They struggled long and well,
History of their deeds can tell—
But did they leave us free?

II

Are we free from vanity,
Free from pride, and free from self,
Free from love of power and pelf,
From everything that's beggarly?

III

Are we free from stubborn will,
From low hate and malice small,
From opinion's tyrant thrall?
Are none of us our own slaves still?

IV

Are we free to speak our thought,
To be happy, and be poor,
Free to enter Heaven's door,
To live and labor as we ought?

V

Are we, then, made free at last
From the fear of what men say,
Free to reverence To-day,
Free from the slavery of the Past?

VI

Our fathers fought for liberty;
They struggled long and well,
History of their deeds can tell—
But *ourselves* must set us free.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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THE SLAVE

They set the slave free, striking off his chains . .
Then he was as much of a slave as ever.

He was still chained to servility;
He was still manacled to indolence and sloth;
He was still bound by fear and superstition,
By ignorance, suspicion, and savagery . . .
His slavery was not in the chains,
But in himself. * * *

They can only set free men free . . .
And there is no need of that:
Free men set themselves free.

JAMES OPPENHEIM.

By permission, Oppenheim, SONGS FOR A NEW AGE, *Century Co.*

WE ARE BRETHREN A'

A happy bit hame this auld world would be
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbor, in cottage an' ha',
"Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'."

I ken na' why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make ae body cosie an' right:
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way av a'
To say, "Gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw:
Sae gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' naught else would I value a straw:
Then gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do falsely by woman or man;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a':
Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

ROBERT NICOLL (1814–1837).

ARMAGEDDON

(A WAR SONG OF THE FUTURE)

Marching down to Armageddon,
Brothers stout and strong,
Let us cheer the way we tread on
With a soldier's song!
Faint we by the weary road,
Or fall we in the rout,
Dirge or pæan, death or triumph!—
Let the song ring out!

We are they who scorn the scorners,
Love the good, but hate
None within the world's four corners—
All must share one fate.
We are they whose common banner
Bears no badge or sign,
Save the Light which dyes it white,
The Hope that makes it shine.

We are they whose bugle rings,
That all the wars may cease;
We are they will pay the kings
Their cruel price for peace;

THE TRUE PATRIOT

We are they whose steadfast watchword
Is what Christ did teach—
"Each man for his brother first,
And heaven, then, for each."

We are they who will not falter—
Many swords or few—
Till we make this earth the altar
Of a worship new;
We are they who will not take
From palace, hut, or code,
A meaner law than "brotherhood,"
A lower Lord than God.

Marching down to Armageddon,
Brothers stout and strong,
Ask not why the way we tread on
Is so rough and long.
God will tell us when our spirits
Grow to grasp His plan:
Let us do our part to-day,
And obey Him, helping man!

We are they whose unpaid legions,
Strong in ranks arrayed,
Fiercely faced in many regions,
Never once were stayed;
We are they whose firm battalions,
Trained to fight, not fly,
Know the cause of good will triumph,
It will triumph though we die!

* * * * * *

EDWIN ARNOLD.

POETICAL WORKS, *John Wilson & Son, London.*

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, GREAT-HEART?

Where are you going, Great-Heart,
With your eager face and your fiery grace?—
Where are you going, Great-Heart?

"To fight a fight with all my might;
For Truth and Justice, God and Right;
To grace all Life with His fair Light."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
"To live To-day above the Past;
To make To-morrow sure and fast;
To nail God's colors to the mast."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
"To break down old dividing lines;
To carry out my Lord's designs;
To build again his broken shrines."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
"To set all burdened peoples free;
To win for all God's liberty;
To 'stablish His Sweet Sovereignty."
God goeth with you, Great-Heart!

JOHN OXENHAM.

THE VISION SPLENDID, *by John Oxenham.*
Copyright 1917, GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, Publishers.

TO WHOM SHALL THE WORLD HENCEFORTH BELONG?

To whom shall the world henceforth belong,
And who shall go up and possess it?

To the Great-Hearts—the Strong
Who will suffer no wrong,
And where they find evil redress it.

To the men of Bold Light
Whose souls seized of Light,
Found a work to be done and have done it.

To the Valiant who fought
For a soul-lifting thought,
Saw the fight to be won and have won it.

To the Men of Great Mind
Set on lifting their kind,
Who, regardless of danger, will do it.

To the Men of Good-will,
Who would cure all Life's ill,
And whose passion for peace will ensue it.

To the Men who will bear
Their full share of Life's care,
And will rest not till wrongs be all righted.

To the Stalwarts who toil
'Mid the seas of turmoil,
Till the haven of safety be sighted.

VERSE FOR PATRIOTS

To the Men of Good Fame
Who everything claim—
This world and the next—in their Master's great name,—

To these shall the world henceforth belong,
And they shall go up and possess it;
Overmuch, o'erlong, has the world suffered wrong,
We are here by God's help to redress it.

JOHN OXENHAM.

THE FIERY CROSS, *John Oxenham*,
Copyright 1918, GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, Publishers.

RIGHT AND RIGHTS

If every man did right
No man would have to fight
For his own rights 'mid all the other wrongs and rights of life;
His rights would be his right,
And no man then would fight
For that which was his own 'mid all the other rights of life.
If only—only—only—
Every man did right,
No more would life be strife,
But just one long, bright, infinite,
Pure vista of delight,—
If only—only—only
Every man did right.

JOHN OXENHAM.

THE VISION SPLENDID, *by John Oxenham.*
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THE NEW-YEAR

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

* * * * * *

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON.

DEAR LAND OF ALL MY LOVE

* * * * * *

Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!

SIDNEY LANIER.

From POEMS, *copyright 1884, 1891, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission of the publishers.*

DEMOCRACY

Our mighty bark, with masts that rake the stars,
Has lagged too long in port, and we have drowsed
An idle crew or with wild mates caroused,
Forgetful of our part in Freedom's wars.
But now, at last, with sail taut to the spars,
For her whose rightful cause our sires espoused,
Again our ship must steer where blow unhoused
The winds of God, beyond the shoals and bars.
For still our orders hold as in the past,—
That glorious day we shook our banner free,
And broke from out the line and took the van,
With linstocks lit, and bade them follow fast
Who held with us,—to sail and search the sea
Until we find a better world for man.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER.

By permission, THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

THE CHOICE

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT SPEAKS:

To the Judge of Right and Wrong
With Whom fulfillment lies
Our purpose and our power belong,
Our faith and sacrifice.

Let Freedom's land rejoice!
Our ancient bonds are riven;
Once more to us the eternal choice
Of good or ill is given.
Not at a little cost,
Hardly by prayer or tears,
Shall we recover the road we lost
In the drugged and doubting years.

But after the fires and the wrath,
But after searching and pain,
His Mercy opens us a path
To live with ourselves again.

In the Gates of Death rejoice!
We see and hold the good—
Bear witness, Earth, we have made our choice
For Freedom's brotherhood.

Then praise the Lord Most High
Whose Strength hath saved us whole,
Who bade us choose that the Flesh should die
And not the living Soul!

RUDYARD KIPLING

By permission, A. P. Watt & Son, London.
From THE YEARS BETWEEN, *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

BROTHERHOOD

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race.
And till it come, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way:
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path:
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this Event the ages ran.
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

By permission of the AUTHOR, *from* THE MAN WITH THE HOE AND OTHER POEMS.

BRIEF QUOTATIONS

There are many interesting ways of using such short quotations, as the following: 1. Match games may be played, the students matching one another either by alternately giving such quotations or by completing a selection for which another has given the sentiment, or the first line. 2. Similar quotations may be prepared from the body of this book. 3. Many of the heroic incidents of the recent war may be "matched up" with quotations included here. 4. Watchwords of this and earlier wars, such as Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death," and Haig's "Our backs are against the wall," may be versified and added to this collection. 5. The students may make a collection of watchwords for civil as well as military life. 6. Some of the shorter quotations may be used as subjects for class debates.

Let all the ends, the ends thou aimst at, be thy country's,
Thy God's and Truth's.

SHAKESPEARE. (*Henry VIII.*)

"What pity is it
That we can die but once to save our country!
* * * * * *
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it."

JOSEPH ADDISON. (*Cato.*)

Their country first, their glory and their pride;
Land of their hopes, land where their fathers died;
When in the right, they'll keep their honor bright;
When in the wrong, they'll die to set it right.

JAMES T. FIELDS. (*Their Country.*)

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Let piping swain, and craven wight,
Thus weep and puling cry;
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. (*The Cavalier's Song.*)

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he armed that has his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. (*King Henry VI.*)

A thought will hit when a shot will stray,
A thought will stand when a fort gives way,
A thought will feed when no bread is nigh,
A thought will live when a man will die.

McLANDBURGH WILSON. (*The Army of Thoughts.*)

For I trust, if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-wand, home.

TENNYSON.

Enough if something from our hand have power
To live and act and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. (*After-Thought.*)

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere, "Be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

LONGFELLOW. (*Morituri Salutamus.*)

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Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. (*Psalm of Life.*)

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Let others write of battles fought
On bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honors greet the man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
Against himself and wins.

CAROLINE LE ROW. (*True Heroism.*)

The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The soul of patriots.

R. GLOVER. (*Leonidas.*)

O ye loud waves! and O ye forests high!
And O ye clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea, every thing that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. (*France.*)

'Tis not in blood that Liberty inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's heart in language clear and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world before, *and so they shall again.*

We yield to none in earnest love of freedom's cause sublime;
We join the cry, "Fraternity!", we keep the march of Time.

CHARLES MACKAY. (*True Freedom and How to Gain It.*)

A! Fredome is a noble thing!
Fredome mayse man to haif liking;
Fredome all solace to man giffs,
He livis at ese that frely livis!

JOHN BARBOUR. (*Freedom.*)

For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.

LORD BYRON. (*The Giaour.*)

"That humble, simply duty of the day
Perform," he bids; "ask not if small or great:
Serve in thy post; be faithful and obey;
Who serves her truly, sometimes saves the State."

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. (*Wellington.*)

By permission, Macmillan Co.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. (*Old Mortality.*)

Rest they well, the invincible dead,
Ships' captains and companies bold,
For the ocean itself is their bier
And the continents stones at their head.

WALLACE RICE.

By permission, RICHARD HAKLUYT'S MEN.

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land, from plain to mountain-cave,
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!

LORD BYRON. (*The Giaour.*)

Nought nobler is, than to be free;
The stars of heaven are free because
In amplitude of liberty
Their joy is to obey the laws.

WILLIAM WATSON. (*The Things That are More Excellent.*)

By permission, John Lane Co.

Nay, let them die and pass and be forgot,
Our grief die, and our wrath, but perish not
The justice-loving, the crusading heart,
This will of youth to take the righteous part.
So youth shall pass through death and still live on.

JOHN ERSKINE. (*Youth Dying.*)

By permission, THE SHADOWED HOUR, *Lyric Publishing Co.*

For eastward lies the enemy,
And westward shines the sea;
And west to east the men march on
To keep their homeland free.

P. B. LYON. (*The Road: A Memory of 1915.*)

By permission, Erskine Macdonald, London.

How sure the bolt that Justice wings;
How weak the arm a traitor brings;
How mighty they, who steadfast stand
For Freedom's Flag and Freedom's Land!

BAYARD TAYLOR. (*To the American People.*)

By permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co.

The eagle's song:
"To be stanch, and valiant, and free, and strong!"

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

In half a hundred weary lands
Their bones forever lie,
But every soldier spirit stands
To see the Flag go by.

JESSE EDGAR MIDDLETON. (*A Song of the Flag.*)

By permission, SEA DOGS AND MEN-AT-ARMS, *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

SEA DOGS AND MEN AT ARMS

My voice is still for war.
Gods! Can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?

ADDISON. (*Cato on the Death of His Son.*)

You whom the fathers made free and defended,
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame!
You whose fair heritage spotless descended,
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. (*Never or Now.*)

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God, that made our fathers strong,
Lead us when the dangers throng;
God, that made our mothers pure,
Make us steadfast to endure!
On the wave or tented field
Be our sword and battle shield.

J. LAURENCE RENTOUL. (*Australia's Battle Hymn.*)

Duty's claim and country's call
Shall be conscience for us all!

J. LAURENCE RENTOUL. (*Australia's Battle Hymn.*)

Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free!

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. (*Rienzi.*)

We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone and vote with God.

MARKHAM. (*The Need of the Hour, Lincoln and Other Poems.*)

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,—
My country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee.

WILLIAM COWPER. (*The Timepiece.*)

With the clustered stars and the steadfast bars
The red, the white and the blue.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Give us a man of God's own mould,
Born to marshal his fellow-men;
One whose fame is not bought and sold
At the stroke of a politician's pen.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. (*Wanted—A Man.*)

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No! Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.

* * * * * *

Religion, virtue, truth—whate'er we call
A blessing—Freedom is the pledge of all.

W. Cowper. (*Table Talk.*)

The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed;
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God.

J. R. Lowell. (*On the Capture of Certain Fugitive Slaves near Washington.*)

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Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind.

Lord Byron. (*Childe Harold.*)

This England never did, nor never shall—
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,

* * * * * *

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

Shakespeare. (*King John.*)

Whenever the weak and weary are ridden down by the strong,
Whenever the voice of honor is drowned by the howling throng,
Whenever the right pleads clearly while the lords of life are dumb,
The times of forbearance are over and the time to strike is come.

WILLLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH.

By permission, Carruth, EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE, *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

O blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see!
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THOMAS MOORE. (*Pro Patria Mori.*)

"Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and line,
But *thou* hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not thine.

"Happy are all free peoples too strong to be dispossessed;
But blessed are those among nations who dare to be strong for the rest!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. (*A Court Lady.*)

NOTES

NOTES

PAGE

3 **Tommy Toujours Gai.** Literally, this title means *Tommy always gay.*

8 **Heroes.** The *New York Tribune* also describes one soldier from the Tuscania who swam up to an already overloaded boat, and at the protest of the occupants swam away, singing cheerily, "O, boy, where do we go from here?"

14 **Home is Where the Pie Is.** The French noun *abri* means *a shelter, a place of concealment.*

18 **The Old Kings.** *Ragnarok,* in Scandinavian mythology, means *the twilight of the Gods,* or *the day of doom.*

20 **Pershing at the Tomb of Lafayette.** This poem refers to our indebtedness to France, including Lafayette, for aid rendered us during the American Revolution.

21 **The Salutation.** The ancient Saxon salutation was *waes hael,* meaning *Be well,* or *Health to you!* The phrase developed later into *wassail,* a kind of drink. *Trink haile,* similarly, means *to drink to one's health.*

22 **Wireless.** Kiel means the Kiel canal used as a harbor by the German warships.

23 **I Wonder What Cervera Thought.** Cervera, the Spanish naval commander, was shut up in the harbor of Santiago, May, 1898, by the Americans. He risked everything in an effort to bring his ships out but was captured.

24 **The White Ships and the Red.** This refers to the sinking of the Lusitania, May 7, 1915.

31 **Vive La France.** This title means *Long live France.*

38 **Last Christmas in the Holy Land.** Centuries ago many crusades were undertaken to wrest Jerusalem from Turkish control. But Jerusalem, sacred alike to Jew, Catholic and Protestant, did not become free until 1918, when the English forces took Palestine.

41 **Men of the North.** While in Baltimore, Neal of Maine wrote this Revolutionary appeal to the men of his section of the country.

43 **The Reveille.** The word *Reveille* means *an awakening.*

60 **To a Hero.** The *Holy Grail* is the cup (or dish) used by Christ at the Last Supper. According to the legend, Joseph of Arimathea preserved in it some of Christ's blood shed at the time of the crucifixion. It was brought to England, but disappeared. The adventures of the Knights of the Round Table center around the Grail. Many of the knights caught sight of it, but only the pure in heart and holy in conduct could ever hope to secure it.

61 **Marco Bozzaris.** Marco Bozzaris and the other *Suliotes* (or Greek Albanians) long held their own against the Turks. *Platæa* was an ancient city near which the Greeks had defeated the Persians, 479 B. C.

63 **The Greeks at Thermopylæ.** For three whole days, Leonidas with 300 Spartans and 700 Thespians held back the whole Persian army. Then, betrayed by a countryman, they fought so bitterly that but one Greek ever returned home.

63 **Horatius at the Bridge.** *Janiculum* (Gianicolo) is a hill in Rome on the right bank of the Tiber. *Ramnes* means a member of the Ramnes, one of the three ancient tribes of Rome. *Lucumo* is a term applied to the heads of noble or patrician families. *Palatinus* is one of the "seven hills of Rome."

71 **Drake's Drum.** In England *Hoe* is still used in some proper names to indicate *a low hill; e.g.,* Plymouth Hoe.

73 **Immortality.** This poem is a tribute to the Sir Philip Sydney who "flung away his life to save the English army in Flanders," when Elizabeth sent a small force to aid the Netherlands in their war with Spain. When dying, he passed the cup of water intended for his fevered lips to a common soldier lying on the ground beside him, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

74 **Bonny Dundee.** John Graham, known as Bloody Claver'se to hi enemies and Bonny Dundee to his friends, is here describe leaving the Scottish convention of 1688–89. He died in 168 defending the king, James II. Mons Meg is a huge gun formin part of the Argyll battery, near St. Margaret's chapel in Edinburgh.

76 **Gillespie.** Vellore is a fortified town 15 miles west of Arcot, Madras district, India.

78 **Santa Filomena.** The *lady with the lamp* was Florence Nightingale, pioneer nurse of the Crimean War, 1853–56.

89 **Mollie Pitcher.** On June 28, 1778, this sturdy Irish woman, who was acting as water carrier for her husband, served his gun during the rest of the attack.

90 **Defeat and Victory.** Wounded early in the battle of June 1, 1813, Lawrence kept cheering his men on, crying, "Keep the guns going! Fight her till she strikes or sinks! Don't give up the ship!"

93 **Sheridan's Ride.** Returning from Washington *via* Winchester, on October 18, 1864, Sheridan heard the sounds of battle, and reached his men just in time to turn defeat into victory.

100 **Little Giffen.** Though very seriously wounded, Little Giffen was nursed back to health by Dr. Francis O. Ticknor, in his own home. Little Giffen fell later in a battle before Atlanta.

102 **Wheeler at Santiago.** An episode of the Spanish-American War. Owing to the nature of the country, the cavalry had to go into battle on foot. Though suffering from fever, General Wheeler insisted on going with his command, if he had "to be carried on a cot."

105 **The Ballad of Lieutenant Miles.** One of the incidents of the battle of February 5, 1899, that completed the rout of the Philippine army.

110 **Mr. Valiant Passes Over.** Here Roosevelt is likened to Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, who fought three to one, undismayed by the great odds, crying only to his King for help; for he knew He could hear and "afford invisible help."

116 **The Maid of Eclusier.** Sentenced to be shot, Marcelle was placed against a wall, but before the order could be given to the firing squad, a shell from the French guns fell into the courtyard, and Marcelle escaped, hiding in the underground passage, where she had hidden the soldiers. After the French retook Eclusier, Marcelle led squad after squad in safe routes through the boglands. Captured and shut up in the church at Frise, she was again unexpectedly liberated by a French shell, which struck the church.

117 **Babushka.** This word means *Little grandmother*, and is a tribute to Madame Breshkovsky.

121 **Cadorna's Retreat.** One of the black periods of the recent war, though now it only emphasizes the almost unbelievable achievements of the Italian army, in the year preceding and the year following this retreat.

123 **Ivry.** The battle of Ivry was fought in 1590, when Henry of Navarre (afterwards Henry IV of France) triumphed over the Duke of Mayenne.

127 **Verdun.** The French password was *Ils ne passeront pas*, They shall not pass.

135 **Song of the Western Men.** The Archbishop of Canterbury and six other bishops were imprisoned in the Tower, in the hot fight over "liberty of conscience," 1688. Their acquittal ten months later met with wild enthusiasm throughout the country. Written about 1826, this ballad deceived even Scott and Dickens, who thought it an old ballad.

147 **The Charge of the Light Brigade.** Through a mistake, about six hundred cavalrymen were launched against the whole Russian army. This brigade galloped one and one-half miles down the valley under murderous fire, broke into a battery at the front, sabering the gunners, cut their way through a dense column of infantry, re-formed, burst their way through the Russians, heading them off, and galloped back to their old position, with a loss of nearly half of their men.

134 **Edinburgh after Flodden.** This battle (September 9, 1513) was won by the English, mainly because the Scotch king, James IV, refused to retain his former advantageous position, deeming it unchivalrous. Forming a ring around their king, the Scots fought to the death.

151 **The Defense of Lucknow.** The heroic defense of the British against the Sepoy (Indian) mutiny, in 1857. Havelock brought relief, but the siege continued until the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell. The city was recaptured by the British early in 1858.

154 **The Guards Came Through.** Very few of the many thrilling events of the recent war have as yet been described in verse. Hyde Park, almost in the center of London, is where "society" rides out, almost as if on parade.

157 **Warren's Address.** The three thousand "veterans" ordered against Warren's little band retired in disorder. Warren himself was killed in this engagement.

160 The Defense of the Alamo. Santa Ana led 2,000 men against the Fort at Alamo, March 6, 1835. It was guarded by Travis with only 150 Texans, aided by 32 men who arrived later. Not one of the soldiers survived the attack.

161 Monterey. This town, thought to be impregnable, and held by 10,000 men, was taken by Zachary Taylor and a smaller force, two days after their arrival at Monterey.

163 The Gallant Fifty-One. These men, part of the Lopez expedition, were executed by the Spanish authorities in Havana, August 16, 1851.

164 The Grey Horse Troop. An incident in the suppression of the Apache uprisings under the command of General Miles.

166 The Men Behind the Guns. This poem refers to the Spanish-American War.

174 Battle. This poem was written in memory of Rupert Brooke.

175 The Soldier. Rupert Brooke died from sunstroke on his way to the Dardanelles in 1915, and was buried in the Greek Island of Skyros.

184 The Burial of Sir John Moore. This British general died in an attack made as his command was embarking at Corunna, Spain, in 1809, during Napoleon's campaign against the Peninsula. He was buried in the citadel there.

186 Kanawha Men. Written just before the heroic death, in France, of another Kanawha man, Captain Lawrence Barber, cousin of the author.

197 Old Ironsides. A protest (1833) against the designed destruction of the old frigate, Constitution, famous in the War of 1812. The response caused the Secretary of the Navy to reverse the order. The Constitution was preserved, and may still be seen in the navy yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts.

208 Belgium National Hymn or La Brabançonne. The Brabanters are inhabitants of Brabant, a mediæval duchy now included partly in the Netherlands (Dutch or North Brabant) and partly in Belgium (Spanish Brabant). Orange refers to the colors of the house of Orange.

2[illegible] The Marseillaise. Composed by Rouget de l'Isle, an officer at Strasburg, in 1792, this song was first sung by a band who went from Marseilles, to aid in the revolution of August, 1792, which gave it its present name. The author's name is commonly written Lisle.

232 William Tell. A hero in Switzerland's heroic and successful struggle against Austria.

234 On the Italian Front, 1916. *Viva Italia,* or *Long Live Italy; ecco* means *behold.*

234 Italia, Io Ti Saluto. This title means *Italy, I salute thee.*

235 Italia Dolorosa. The title of this poem means *Italy, the afflicted,* or *sorrowful.*

236 Vive la France. Long live France; a sentiment offered at the dinner to Prince Napoleon at The Revere House, September 25, 1861.

250 A Chant of Love for England. An answer to Germany's *Song of Hate.*

252 On Being Styled Pro-Boer. This refers to the English-African or Boer War. Hellas is a poetical name for Greece.

252 Scotland. *Caledonia* refers to an ancient tribe occupying part of what is now Scotland. For centuries the name has been used only as a poetical name for Scotland.

255 Patria. The word *Patria* means *fatherland* or *native country.*

258 Scum 'O the Earth. The part of this poem quoted here includes the Poles and the Czechs, people now allied with us.

273 The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls. Tara is a hill in the county of Wexford, Ireland, the seat of early kingly assemblies, etc.

279 One Beneath Old Glory. A response to McKinley's call for volunteers at the beginning of the Spanish-American War.

282 Tubal Cain. A Biblical reference; see Genesis iv, 22.

284 When the Great Gray Ships Come In. The arrival of the gray-painted ships marked the end of the Spanish-American War.

287 Locksley Hall. Tennyson's "dip into the future" is surprising when one realizes that airships were at that time almost undreamed of. The Federation of the World finds its fulfilment, we hope, in the League of Peace, now planned by the Allies.

288 Between Midnight and Morning. These lines were found penciled on a sheet of paper in the pocket of a young Australian, name unknown, after he was killed at Gallipoli.

296 Vitaï Lampada. This title means literally, the *lights of life,* or lights we live by. A more familiar expression of the same idea is, "The Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton."

297 Epilogue to Asolando. *Asolando,* a fanciful name, probably suggested by a Cardinal living in Asolo, centuries before Browning's stay there.

297 Prospice. *Prospice* means *a look forward;* advice to those who fear death, and so are "all their lifetime in bondage" to fear.

302 Sir Galahad. The only Knight of the Round Table pure and holy enough to succeed in the quest for the Holy Grail. See note for p. 60.

311 A Troop of the Guards. Read before the graduating class of Harvard College, June, 1907.

316 Each in His Own Tongue. A *Rood* is a *cross.*

319 The Athenian Boy's Oath. The Athenian boy's entrance into citizenship was formally marked by taking a pledge of allegiance to his city.

328 Armageddon. For Israel the scene of many victories and disasters lay near Armageddon, in the plain of Esdraelon, Palestine.

330 Where Are You Going, Great-Heart? Great-Heart was Christian's guide described in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

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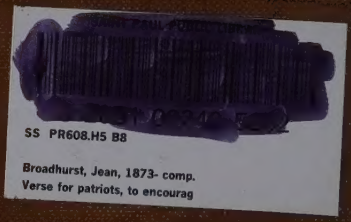
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